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THE
Count *de* G A B A L I S:

Being a Diverting

HISTORY
OF THE
Rosicrucian DOCTRINE
OF

SPIRITS,

viz.

Montfrancin de Villars
SYLPHS, SALAMANDERS, GNOMES, *K*
and DÆMONS: Shewing their Various
Influence upon Human Bodies.

Done from the PARIS Edition.

To which is prefix'd,
Monsieur BAYLE's Account of this WORK:
And of the SECT of the ROSICRUCIANS.

*Quod tanto impendio absconditur, etiam solummodo
demonstrare, distruere est. Tertull.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for B. LINTOTT and E. CURLL, in
Fleet-Street, 1714. Price 1 s.

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THE
 Countess of G. B. A. M.
 Being a Discourse
 HISTORY
 OF THE
 ROSSIAN DOCTRINE
 OF

SPILTS



STERN, SA
 and DAMON, showing their various
 influence upon Human Bodies.

Done from the PARIS Edition.

To which is prefixed,
 Monsieur BAKER's Account of the IVORS:
 And of the Sect of the ROSSIAN DOCTRINE.
 Such taste impendit adfessionis, etiam solammodo
 demonstrantur, diffinitio, Tertio.

L O N D O N:
 Printed for B. Flintott and E. Curle, in
 Fleet-Street, 1751. Price 1s.

T H E
T R A N S L A T O R ' S P R E F A C E .

THE following Piece is an Account of the Rosicrucian Doctrine of Spirits.

Monsieur Bayle † informs us, that it was publish'd at Paris by the celebrated Abbot de Villars, in the Year 1670; and adds, that some have been of Opinion, that Le Comte de Gabalis, was originally founded upon two Italian Chymical Letters written by Borri, others affirm, that Borri took the chief Hints in his Letters from this Work; but the Discussion of this Point, Monsieur Bayle leaves to those who are more critically curious.

The present Revival of it, was occasion'd by The Rape of the Lock; in the Dedication of which Poem Mr. Pope has given us his Opinion, That the best Account he knew of the Rosicrucian System, is in this Tract: Which we doubt not will be a sufficient Recommendation of it to the Publick.

The following, is a new Translation from the Paris Edition, which is now very difficult to be met with; and there are some Notes interspers'd, the better to illustrate several Passages and Authors referr'd to.

A 2

SOME

† See, his Dictionary under the Article of Borri, (Joseph Francis) a famous Chymist, Quack, and Heretick, in the 17th Century, was a Milanese: He dy'd in the Castle of St. Angelo 1695, being 79 Years old.



SOME
THE

ACCOUNT

OF THE

ROSICRUCIANS.



HIS Sect is of German Ex-
traction, and were originally
stil'd *Rose-Croix*, or *Rosicru-*
cians, call'd also the *Inligh-*
tened, Immortal, and Invisible.

This Name was given to a certain Fraterni-
ty, or Cabal, which appear'd in Germany
in the Beginning of the XVIIth Age. Those
that are admitted thereunto, called the *Bre-*
thren, or *Rosicrucians*, swear Fidelity,
promise Secrecy, write Enigmatically, or
in Characters, and oblige themselves to ob-
serve the Laws of that Society, which hath
for its End the re-establishing of all Disci-
plines and Sciences, and especially Physick,
which, according to their Notion, is not
understood, and but ill practis'd: They
boast they have excellent Secrets, whereof
the

Some Account of the ROSICRUCIANS

the Philosopher's Stone is the least; and they hold, that the ancient Philosophers of *Egypt*, the *Chaldeans*, *Magi of Persia*, and *Gymnosophists of the Indies*, have taught nothing but what they themselves teach. They affirm, That in 1378, a Gentleman of *Germany*, whose Name is not known, but by these two Letters *A. C.* being put into a Monastery, had learned the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongue; and that some Time after going into *Palestine*, he fell sick at *Damascus*, where having heard speak of the Sages of *Arabia*, he consulted them at *Damius*, where they had an University. It's added, That these wise *Arabians* saluted him by his Name, taught him their Secrets; and that the *German*, after he had travelled a long Time, return'd into his own Country; where associating with some Companions, he made them Heirs of his Knowledge, and died in 1484.

These Brothers had their Successors 'till 1604. when one of the Cabal found the Tomb of the first of them, with divers Devices, Characters, and Inscriptions thereon; the principal of which contained these four Letters in Gold, *A. C. R. E.* and a Parchment-Book written in Golden Letters, with the Encomium of that pretended Founder.

Some Account of the ROSICRUCIANS.

“† A certain Person, having Occasion to
“ dig somewhat deep in the Ground where
“ this Philosopher lay interr'd, met with a
“ finall Door, having a Wall on each Side
“ of it. His Curiosity, and the Hopes of
“ finding some hidden Treasure, soon
“ prompted him to force open the Door.
“ He was immediately surpriz'd by a sud-
“ den Blaze of Light, and discover'd a very
“ fair Vault: At the upper End of it was
“ a Statue of a Man in Armour, sitting by
“ a Table, and leaning on his Left Arm.
“ He held a Truncheon in his Right Hand,
“ and had a Lamp burning before him.
“ The Man had no sooner set one Foot
“ within the Vault, than the Statue, ere-
“ cting it self from its leaning Posture,
“ stood bolt upright; and upon the Fel-
“ low's advancing another Step, lifted up
“ the Truncheon in his Right Hand. The
“ Man still ventur'd a third Step, when
“ the Statue, with a furious Blow, broke
“ the Lamp into a thousand Pieces, and
“ left his Guest in a sudden Darknes. Up-
“ on the Report of this Adventure, the
“ Country-People soon came with Lights to
“ the Sepulchre, and discover'd that the
“ Statue, which was made of Brass, was
“ nothing more than a Piece of Clock-
work;

† See the Spectator, No. 379.

Some Account of the ROSICRUCIANS.

“ work; that the Floor of the Vault was
“ all loose, and underlaid with several
“ Springs, which, upon any Man’s enter-
“ ing, naturally produced that which hap-
“ pened. ROSICRUCIUS, say his Disci-
“ ples, made Use of this Method, to show
“ the World, that he had re-invented the
“ ever-burning Lamps of the Ancients,
“ tho’ he was resolv’d no one should reap
“ any Advantage from the Discovery.

Afterwards, that Society, which in Reality, is but a Sect of Mountebanks, began to multiply, but durst not appear publickly, and for that Reason was fir-nam’d the *Invisible*. The *Inlightned*, or *Illuminati*, of *Spain*, proceeded from them; both the one and the other have been condemn’d for Fanaticks and Deceivers: We must add, That *John Bringeret* Printed, in 1615, a Book in *Germany*, which comprehends two Treatises, Entituled, *The Manifesto and Confession of Faith of the Fraternity of the Rosicrucians in Germany*: It was dedicated to Monarchs, States, and the Learned. These Persons boasted themselves to be the *Library of Ptolemy Philadelphus*, the *Academy of Plato*, the *Lyceum*, &c. and bragg’d of extraordinary Qualifications, whereof the least was, That they could speak all Languages; and after, in 1622, they gave this Advertisement to the Curious: *We, depu-
ted*

Some Account of the ROSICRUCIANS.

ted by our College, the Principal of the Brethren of the ROSICRUCIANS, to make our visible and invisible Abode in this City, thro' the Grace of the Most High, towards whom, are turned the Hearts of the Just: We teach without Books or Notes, and speak the Languages of the Countries wherever we are, to draw Men, like our selves, from the Error of Death. This Bill was Matter of Merriment; in the mean Time, the Brethren of the Rosicrucians have disappear'd, tho' it be not the Sentiment of that German Chymist, the Author of a Book, entituled, *De Volucris Arborea*; and of another, who hath compos'd a Treatise stild, *De Philosophia Purâ*.



THE

THE
 Count de GABALIS:
 OR
 DISCOURSES
 UPON THE
 OCCULT SCIENCES.
 DISCOURSE I.



OD rest the Soul of poor Count de GABALIS, who, they just now write me Word, is dead of an Apoplexy. The *Virtuosi* will not fail to say, that that Sort of Death is particular to those who blab abroad the Secrets of the Sages: For (since RAYMOND LULLY, of happy Memory, has order'd it so in his Will) an Angel-Executor was never wanting to writhe the Necks of those

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who

2 *The Count de GABALIS ; or,*

who indiscreetly reveal the Cabalistical Mysteries.

But don't let them condemn that learned Man, before they are made acquainted with his Conduct. He discover'd every Thing to me, it is true; but not without all the Cabalistical Circumspection. This must be said in Honour of his Memory, that he was a mighty Zealot for the Religion of his Fathers the Philosophers, and that he would sooner have been burnt, than profan'd the Sanctity of it, by opening himself to any ungenerous Prince, to any Ambitions, or to any incontinent Man; three sorts of People, who have been in all Times excommunicated by the Sages. As good Luck would have it, I am no Prince, have but little Ambition, and it will appear by what follows, that I have even more Chastity than is requir'd in a Sage. He found me docile, inquisitive, forward; I only want a small Spice of Melancholy to make all those (who would blame the Count de GABALIS for hiding nothing from me) confess, that I was a Subject very proper for the Reception of the Occult Sciences. It is true, without Melancholy, there is no making any great Progress in them; but the little Share I had of it, was Encouragement enough for Him. You have (said he to me an hundred times) *Saturn* in an Angle, in his House, and retrograde; you cannot fail of being one Day as melancholy as a Sage ought to be; for the wisest of all Men had, like you, *Jupiter* in the Ascendant; and yet he is not found to have laugh'd so much as once in his whole Life, so powerful was the Impression of his Melancholy, tho' it was much weaker than yours.

"Tis

The History of SPIRITS.

3

'Tis therefore on my ascendant Star, and not on the Count *de GABALIS*, that the *Virtuosi* ought to lay the Blame, if I love rather to divulge their Secrets, than to practise them. If the Stars don't do their Duty, the Count is not the Cause of it; and if I have not a Soul great enough to attempt the Mastery of Nature, to overturn the Elements; to maintain supream Intelligences, to command the *Dæmons*, to beget Giants, to create new Worlds, to speak to God on his tremendous Throne, and to oblige the Cherubim who guards the terrestrial Paradise, to let me take a Turn or two in those delicious Walks; 'tis myself alone that is to be blam'd or pity'd; you must not, for that, insult the Memory of that rare Man, and say he came by his Death for having inform'd me of these Things. Is it impossible, as the Fortune of War is uncertain; is it impossible, I say, that he may have been worsted in a Battle with some rough-hewn *Elf*? Peradventure, in speaking to God on his fiery Throne, he had not the Power to look him in the Face; for 'tis written, *none can see him and live*. Peradventure, he is only dead in Appearance, according to the Custom of Philosophers, who make as if they die in one Place, and transplant themselves to another. However it be, I don't think the Manner in which he entrusted me with his Treasures, deserves Chastisement. The Thing happen'd as follows.

Common Sense having always given me a shrewd Suspicion, that what are call'd the Occult Sciences were full of Emptiness, I did not think it worth while to thumb over the Books that treat of them: But then again, not thinking it reasonable to condemn (without

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knowing why) all those who apply themselves that Way, who often are such as want for no Discretion in other Respects, but are most of them Learned Persons, and make a Figure in the long Robe and the Sword, I bethought myself, (to avoid being unjust, and not to fatigue myself with an irksome Reading) I bethought myself, I say, of this Stratagem; I made as if I was a huge Admirer of those Sciences, in Company of those whom I could find out to be touch'd with them. I presently met with more Success than I ev'n wish'd. As these Sort of Gentlemen (however mysterious and reserv'd they would be thought to be) desire nothing so much as to display their Imaginations and the new Discoveries they pretend to have made in Nature, I became in a few Days the Confidant of the most considerable among 'em; I never was without some of 'em in my Closet, which I had purposely garnish'd with their most fantastick Authors. A learned Foreigner no sooner appear'd, but I had Advice of it: In short, except as to the scientificall Part, I found myself every soon a great Man. I had for Companions, Princes, great Lords, Gentlemen of the long Robe, handsome Ladies, and ugly ones too; Doctors, Prelates, Monks, Nuns; in a Word, People of every Sort and Kind. Some had a Fling at Angels, others at the Devil; some at their Genius, other Incubusses; some at the Cure of all manner of Distempers, others at the Stars; some at the Secrets of the Divinity, and almost all at the Philosophers Stone.

They all agreed, that these important Secrets, especially the Philosophers Stone, are of a very difficult Access, and that few possess them;

them; but they had all of 'em a good Opinion enough of themselves, to believe they were of the Number of the Elect. The chief of them happen'd at that Time to be in mighty Expectation of the Arrival of a certain *German*, a great Lord, and as great a Cabalist, whose Estate borders upon *Poland*. He had promis'd, by Letter to the Sons of the Philosophers, who are at *Paris*, to come and visit them, and to pass thro' *France* in his Way to *England*. I was commission'd to return an Answer to this Great Man's Letter: I sent him the Figure of my Nativity, that he might judge whether I might aspire to the supreme Wisdom. My Figure and my Letter were so fortunate as to get the Honour of an Answer from him; to wit, That I should be one of the first he would wait upon at *Paris*; and that if Heaven did not oppose it, it should be none of his Fault that I did not enter into the Society of the Sages.

To cultivate my good Fortune, I carry'd on with the Illustrious *German*, a regular Correspondence: I from Time to Time propos'd to him important Doubts, as well digested as I could; concerning the Harmony of the World, the Numbers of *Pythagoras*, the Visions of *St. John*, and the first Chapter of *Genesis*. He was ravish'd with the Greatness of the Subjects: He wrote me Wonders unheard of; and I saw plainly I had to do with a Man of a most vigorous and most spacious Imagination. I have, of his, three or four Score Letters of so extraordinary a Style, that I could not for the Blood of me read any thing else, whenever I was alone in my Closet.

I was once taken up in admiring one of the most sublime of those Letters, when there came
in

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in a Person of a very good Mien, who gravely saluting me, spoke to me in the *French* Tongue, but in an outlandish Accent: *Adore, my Son, adore the thrice-good and thrice-great God of the Sages, and be not puff'd up with Pride, because he sends you one of the Children of Wisdom, to associate you into their Society, and to make you Partaker of the Wonders of his Almightyness.*

The Novelty of the Salutation surpriz'd me, and I began then, for the first Time, to believe there might be such Things as Apparitions: However, recovering myself as well as I could, and looking upon him in the civilest manner the small Fright I was in would permit: Who ever you are, (said I to him) whose Greeting is not of this World, you do me signal Honour in this Visit; but, if you please, before I adore the God of the Sages, let me know what Sages, and what God you mean, and therefore pray make Use of that Arm'd-Chair, and take the Pains to tell me who is that God, those Sages, that Society, and what those Wonders of Almightyness? and, after or before all this, let me know what Species of the Creation I have now the Honour to be speaking to.

You receive me very sagely, Sir, (reply'd he smiling, and seating himself in the Chair,) you begin with desiring me to unfold Things which I shall defer 'till to Morrow, if you please. The Compliment I made you, are the Words which the Sages make Use of when they accost those to whom they have resolv'd to open their Hearts, and discover their Mysteries. I was of Opinion, that considering how learned you appear'd to be in your Letters, such a Salutation would not be a Riddle to you; and that it

was

was the most agreeable Compliment that could be made you by the Count *de GABALIS*.

Ah! Sir, cry'd I, (remembering I had a great Part to act) how shall I render myself worthy of this Favour? Is it possible that the greatest of all Men should be in my Closet, and that the mighty *GABALIS* honours me with a Visit?

I am the least of the Sages, (reply'd he with a serious Air) and God, who deals out the Illuminations of his Wisdom with Weight and Measure, as it seems good to his Supremacy, has imparted to me but a very small Share thereof, in Comparison to what I (with Astonishment) admire in my Companions. I expect to see you one Day equal them, if I dare make a Judgment from the Figure of your Nativity you did me the Honour to send me. But, Sir, (added he with a Smile) give me Leave to complain of you for taking me for an Apparition.

Oh! Sir, not for an Apparition (said I), but happening just then to call to Mind what *Cardanus* tells of his Father being visited one Day in his Study by Seven unknown Things dress'd in divers Colours, who entertain'd him with odd Discourses about their Nature, Employment — I understand you, (interrupted the Count) they were Sylphs, whom I shall give you an Account of hereafter. They are a Sort of aerial Substances, who sometimes come and consult the Sages about some Things in the Books of *AVERRONES*, which they don't over well understand.

* *CARDANUS* was a Blockhead for publishing the Thing in his *Subtilties*; he had found those Memoirs among the Papers of his Father, who was one

* *Cardanus* writ a Treatise de Subtilitate.

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one of us ; and who, seeing that his Son was naturally a Blab, would not communicate to him any Thing of Moment, but left him to amuse himself with vulgar Astrology ; and even of that he was so little a Master, that he could not foresee his own Son should be hang'd. That Rascal occasion'd your doing me the Injury of taking me for a *Sylph*. Injury ! (reply'd I) Lord, Sir, that I should be so unhappy as—— There's no Hurt done (interrupts he) : You are not oblig'd to know that all those Elementary Spirits are our Disciples ; that they are overjoy'd when we are pleas'd to condescend to instruct them ; and that the least of our Sages is more knowing and more powerful than any of those petty Gentlemen. But we'll talk of this another Time ; 'tis enough this Day, that I have had the Satisfaction of seeing you. Endeavour, my Son, to render yourself a worthy Receptacle for the Cabalaftick Lights ; the Hour of your Regeneration is come ; 'twill be your Fault if you are not a new Creature. Ardently supplicate him who alone has the Power of creating new Hearts, to give you one capable of the great Things I have to teach you, and to inspire me not to leave any Thing of our Mysteries undiscover'd to you. Here he rose, and embracing me, without giving me Time to make any Answer, Adieu, my Son, (continu'd he) I must go visit my Companions who are at *Paris* ; after which you shall hear from me. Mean while, *watch, pray, hope, and say nothing.*

Upon this, he went out of my Closet. As I re-conducted him, I complain'd of the Shortness of his Visit, and his Cruelty in leaving me so soon, after he had given me a Glimpse of his
Efful-

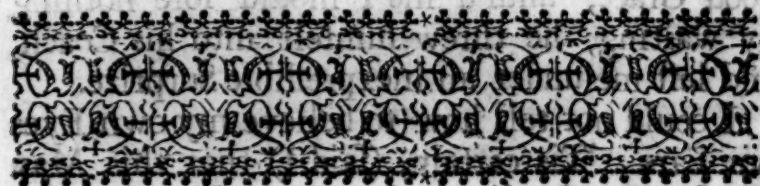
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Effulgencies. But after he had, with a very good Grace, assur'd me I should lose nothing by waiting, he threw himself into his Coach, and left me under an inexpressible Surprize.

I could not tell how to believe my own Eyes nor Ears. 'Tis certain, (said I) that this Man is of great Quality, has an Estate of Fifty Thousand Livres *per Annum*, and seems to be a Person of very great Accomplishments. Is it possible for him to be besotted with such Follies? He spoke to me of those *Sylphs* in a very Gentleman-like manner. Perhaps he's a Wizard, and I have all along been under a Mistake to think there was no such thing? But then if he's a Wizard, are Wizards so devoutly given as this Man seems to be?

In short, I could make neither Head nor Tail on't: I resolv'd however to see where 'twould end; tho' I was aware I had some Sermons to rub through, and that the *Dæmon* which actuated him, was a mighty Moralizing, Preaching *Dæmon*.





DISCOURSE II.



HE Count was pleas'd to allow me the whole Night, to be spent in Prayer; and the next Morning, by Break of Day, he gave me to understand, by a Billet, that he would wait on me about Eight of the Clock; and that, if I approv'd of it, we would go take a Turn together Abroad. I waited for him: He came; and, Compliments pass'd, Let's go (says he) to some Place where we may be free, and our Conversation uninterrupted. I told him, I thought *Ruel* an agreeable Place, and solitary enough. Come along then, cry'd he. We went into his Coach; and all the Way I made Observations upon my new Master. I never, in my Life, met with any Person who had so great a Self-Satisfaction, as he seem'd to have, in all he said and did. His Mind was more serene and free, I thought, than 'twas possible for that of a Wizard to be. His Air had nothing in it of a Man whose Conscience was not perfectly clear; and I had a marvellous Impatience to hear him begin; not being able to conceive a Person,

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Person, who seem'd to be so judicious and accomplish'd in every Thing else, should have spoil'd his Brain with such Crotchets as I perceiv'd in him the Day before. He discours'd divinely of Politicks, and was overjoy'd to find that I had read *Plato* upon that Subject. You will one Day, (said he to me) have more Occasion for those Notices than you now think for: And if we concur in Sentiments to Day, 'tis not impossible but, in Time, you may put in Practise those sage Maxims. We were now entering *Ruel*; we went to the Garden: The Count superciliously neglected the Beauties of it, and made directly to the Labyrinth.

Being now as retir'd as he could wish; Blessed, (cries he, lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven) Blessed be the eternal Wisdom, for inspiring me to reveal to you his ineffable Truths! How happy will you be, my Son, if He is pleas'd to put into your Soul the Dispositions which those high Mysteries require! You are going to learn how to command over Nature's Self: You'll have God alone to your Teacher, and the Sages alone to your Equals: The supreme Intelligences will be proud to obey you; the *Demons* will not dare to be present where you are; your Voice will make them tremble in the Well-Hole of the bottomless Pit; and all the invisable Nations, who inhabit the four Elements, will esteem themselves happy in being the Ministers of your Pleasure. I adore Thee, Thou great God! that thou hast crown'd Mankind with so much Glory, and establish'd him the Sovereign Monarch over all the Works of thine Hand! Do you feel, my Son, (added he, turning to me) do you feel in yourself that He-

(12 *The Count de GABALIS; or,*
roick Ambition, which is the assured Character
of the Children of Wisdom? Have you the
Courage to desire to serve God alone, and to
rule over whatever is not God? Are you ap-
priz'd what it is to be a Man? And does it not
go against you to be a Slave, since you were
born to be a Sovereign? And if you have
these noble Thoughts, as the Figure of your
Nativity permits me not to doubt that you
have, consider maturely, whether you shall
have the Courage and the Strength to renounce
all those Things that may obstruct your arri-
ving to that elevated State for which you were
born? Here he stopp'd, and look'd wistfully
upon me, as if he expected my Answer, or was
trying to read it in my Heart.

As much as the Beginning of his Speech had
made me hope that we should soon come to
the Point, so much did these last Words make
me despair of it. The Word *renounce* startled
me; and I concluded he was going to propose
to me the renouncing Baptism or Paradise. So,
not knowing how to get over this ticklish Step;
Renounce! (said I to him) Is there any Thing
to be renounc'd? Indeed there is, (replies he)
and so necessarily to be renounc'd, that you
must begin with it. I can't tell whether you
can prevail with yourself so far: But sure I am,
that Wisdom dwells not in a Body subject to
Sin, as it enters not into a Soul taken up by Er-
ror or Malice. The Sages will never admit
you into their Society, if you do not this Mo-
ment renounce a Thing which cannot stand
with Sageness. *You must,* (added he, whispering
in my Ear) *you must renounce all carnal Commerce
with Women.*

I broke

I broke into a loud Laugh at this odd Proposal. You have acquitted me very cheaply, Sir, cry'd I. I thought you were going to propose some prodigious Renunciation; but 'tis only Women you allude to, 'tis done and all over long ago. I am chaste enough, God wot. However, Sir, since *Solomon* was a wiser Man than perhaps I shall ever be; and since all his Wisdom could not hinder him from sliding, pray tell me what Expedient you Gentlemen have to live without that Sex? and what Inconvenience there would be, if, in the Paradise of Philosophers, every *Adam* had his *Eve*?

You ask me mighty Things, (reply'd he, consulting with himself whether or no he should answer my Question.) However, since I see you will wean your self from Women without Difficulty, I will impart to you one of the Reasons which have oblig'd the Sages to exact that Condition from their Disciples; and you will thereby perceive in what Ignorance all those live, who are not of our Number,

When you are enroll'd among the Sons of the Philosophers, and your Eyes strengthen'd by the Application of the thrice-sacred Collyrium, you will instantly discover, that the Elements are tenanted by most perfect Creatures; with whom, thro' the Sin of unhappy *Adam*, his most unhappy Posterity have no Commerce nor Acquaintance. That immense Space, which is between Earth and Heaven, has far nobler Inhabitants, than Birds and Flies; those vast Seas have quite other Inmates, than Dolphins and Whales; the Bowels of the Earth, is not for Moles alone; and the Element of Fire, more noble

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noble than the other three, was not design'd to remain useless and empty.

The Air is full of countless Multitudes of Nations of a human Figure, somewhat haughty in Appearance, but tractable in Reality: Great Lovers of the Sciences, subtil, officious about the Sages, and Enemies to Sots and Blockheads. Their Wives and Daughters are masculine Beauties, such as the *Amazons* are describ'd to be. How, Sir! (cry'd I) are those Elves marry'd, say you?

Don't make a Noise about nothing, reply'd he. Depend upon't, all I speak to you, is solid and true. These are but the Elements of the ancient Cabala; and 'twill be your Fault, and no Body's else, if you don't experience it with your own Eyes. Mean while receive with an humble Mind the Light sent you from God by me. Unlearn all that you learn'd upon this Head in the Schools of the Ignorant, or you'll have the Mortification (when you're convinc'd by Experience) of being oblig'd to own, that you was absolutely in the Wrong.

Listen then to the End, and know, that the Seas and Rivers are inhabited, as well as the Air; the Sages have call'd this Kind Undines, or Nymphs. There are few Males, but Females in great abundance; their Beauty is exquisite, and incomparably beyond that of the Daughters of Men.

The Earth, almost to the Center, is fill'd with *Gnomes*; a People of a small Size, Guardians of Treasures, Minerals, and precious Stones. These are Ingenious, Friends to Man, and easy to be govern'd. They supply the Sons of the Sages with what Money they have Occasion for,

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for, and desire nothing for their Pains but the Glory of serving them. The *Gnomids* (their Wives) are low of Stature, but very agreeable, and their Dress very curious.

As for the *Salamanders*, the inflam'd Guests of the Region of Fire, they serve the Philosophers: But they are not importunately fond of their Company; and their Daughters and Wives very rarely shew themselves. They do well, (interrupted I, for I had rather have their Room than their Company. Why so! (said the Count) Why so! (reply'd I) Who would care to converse with so hideous a Beast as a Salamander; Male or Female? You mistake, (reply'd he) that's the Idea which ignorant Painters and Sculptors have of them; the *Salamanders* Wives are beautiful, nay, more beautiful than any of the others, as they are of a more pure Element. I give you but a hasty Description of these Nations, because you will see them at Leisure, and with Ease, if you have that Curiosity. You will see their Habits, their Meats, their Manners, their Polity, their admirable Laws. You'll be charm'd with their intellectual Beauty, even more than with their corporeal; but then you'll melt with Pity, when you hear them tell you, that their Soul is mortal, and that they have no Hope of everlastingly enjoying the Supream Essence, whom they know, and religiously adore. They'll tell you, that, being compos'd of the purest Parts of the Element they inhabit, and having in them no contrary Qualities, since they are made but of one Quality, they do not dye 'till after many Ages: But what is Time in Comparison to Eternity? They must re-enter for ever and for

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for ever into Nothing. This Thought afflicts them mightily, and we have a hard Task of it to console them.

Our Fathers, the Philosophers, speaking to God Face to Face, lamented these Peoples Misfortunes: And God, whose Mercy is boundless, reveal'd to them, that 'twas not impossible to find a Remedy to that Evil. He suggested to them, that in like Manner as Man, by Means of the Alliance, which he has contracted with God, is made Partaker of his Divinity: So the *Sylphs*, the *Gnomes*, the *Nymphs*, and the *Salamanders*, by an Alliance which they may contract with Man, may be made Partakers of Immortality. Thus a *Nymph*, or a *Sylphid*, becomes immortal, and capable of the Beatitude to which we aspire, when she is so happy as to marry a Sage: And a *Gnome*, or a *Sylph*, ceases to be mortal the Moment she espouses one of our Daughters.

From hence arose the Errour of the primitive Christians, *Tertullian*, *Justin Martyr*, *Lactantius*, *Cyprian*, *Clement of Alexandria*, *Athenagoras*, and most of the Writers of those Times. They had heard, that these Elementary Demi-Men had courted the Commerce of young Maidens; and that made them fancy the Fall of the Angels was owing to nothing but the Love with which they suffer'd themselves to be smitten to Women. Some *Gnomes*, desirous of Immortality, had a mind to gain the good Graces of our Daughters; and for that End brought them some precious Gems, which they are the natural Guardians of: And those Authors believ'd, from a wrong Construction of the Book of *Enoch*, that they were the Snares laid by the

the enamour'd Angels to debauch our Women. In the Beginning, these Sons of Heaven begot famous Giants, upon the Bodies of the Daughters of Men: And the bungling Cabalists, *Josephus* and *Philo*, (as, indeed, all the *Jews* are great Ignoramus's) and after them, the several others I just now nam'd, as well as *Origen* and *Macrobius*, said, that they were Angels; and did not know that they were *Sylphs* and the other Elementary People, who, under the Name of the Children of *Elohim*, are distinguish'd from the Sons of Men. In like manner, that which the wise *Augustin* had the Modesty to forbear deciding, touching the *Fauns* and *Satyrs* running after the *African* Women in his Time, is clear'd up and illustrated by what I have been saying concerning the Desire which all those Inhabitants of the Elements have to unite themselves to Mankind, as the only Means of coming at the Immortality they naturally are un-endow'd with.

Ah! our Sages had more Wit, than to impute to the Love of Women, the Fall of the first Angels, any more than to debase Man beneath the Power of the Devil, in ascribing to him the many Adventures of the *Nymphs* and *Sylphs*, which our Historians are fill'd with. There never was any Thing like a Crime in all that. 'Twas the *Sylphs* who had a Desire to be immortal. Their innocent Pursuits, far from scandalizing the Philosophers, appear'd in our Eyes so just, that we all, with one Accord, resolv'd never, in the least, to have to do with Women; but to make it our sole Business to immortalize the *Nymphs* and *Sylphids*.

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Jesu! (cries I) what is't I hear? How great is the * F——s. Yes, Son, (interrupts the Count) admire the Felicity of Philosophers! In Exchange for Women, whose feeble Charms pass away in a few Days, and are succeeded by frightful Wrinkles, the Sages possess Beauties which never grow old, and whom they have the Glory to render immortal. Judge how great must be the Love and Gratitude of those invisible Mistresses; and with what Order they strive to please the charitable Philosopher, who studies to immortalize them!

Alas! Sir, I renounce (cry'd I again.) — Yes, Son, (pursu'd he, without giving me Time to go on) renounce the vain and transitory Pleasures which Women afford; the fairest of them all is a Mother *Shipton* to the meanest *Sylphid*. Our sage Embracings are never attended with Remorse or Disrelish. Wretched Fools, how I pity you for not being able to taste Philosophick Delights!

Wretched Count *de GABALIS*, (interrupted I, with a Tone mix'd with Anger and Compassion) will you give me Leave to edge in a Word, and to tell you, I renounce that senseless Sageness; I think that visionary Philosophy ridiculous, detest those abominable Embracings of Phantoms, and tremble for you, lest some one of those pretended *Sylphids* suddenly carry you to Hell, in the Midst of your Raptures, to prevent so sensible a Man as you are, from perceiving the Folly of that chimerical Zeal, and doing publick Penance for so great a Crime.

* Folly, he was going to say.

O hoh! (answer'd he, stepping back three Paces, and looking sternly upon me) Woe be to thee, thou indocile Spirit! His Action frighten'd me, I confess; but much worse, when I taw him, at a Distance, pull a Paper out of his Pocket, which I perceiv'd was full of Characters I could not perfectly discern. He fell to reading attentively, look'd all the while uneasy, and spoke low. I thought he was conjuring up some Spirits to tear me to Pieces, and began to repent of my inconsiderate Zeal. If I escape this Bout, (said I) I'll never trust myself again with e'er a Cabalist of 'em all. I kept my Eyes upon him as upon a Judge who was going to sentence me to die; when his Countenance clear'd up again. It is hard for you, (says he, smiling, and returning to me) it is hard for you to *kick against the Pricks*. You are a Vessel of Election. Heaven has destin'd you to be the greatest Cabalist of your Age. Behold the Figure of your Nativity, which cannot fail. If it is not done now, and by my Intervention, it will be when it shall seem good to your Retrograde *Saturn*.

Ah! if I become a Sage, (said I to him) it will never be without the Intervention of the mighty GABALIS; but to be plain with you, I am greatly afraid, that you'll find it a very difficult Talk to bring me to the Philosophick Gallantry. Are you so wretchedly ignorant in Physicks, (reply'd he) as to doubt the Existence of those Nations? I don't know, (said I) but I should always fancy they were only Hobgoblins in Disguise. Will you still give more Credit to your Nurse, (cry'd he) than to natural Reason, than to *Plato, Pythagoras, Celsus, Pfellus,*

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P. oclus, Porphyrius, Jamblicus, Plotinus, Trismegistus, Nollius, Dorneus, Fludd; than to the great Philosopher *Aureolus-Theophrastus-Bombastus-Paracelsus de Honeinheim*, and all the rest of our Companions.

I should believe You, (reply'd I) as much, and more than any of those: But, dear Sir, can't you bring Matters about with your Companions, that I mayn't be oblig'd to have to do with those Elementary Damsels? Oh! (said he) you're at your Liberty, doubtless; no Body loves, unless they've a Mind to't; few Sages have been able to withstand their Charms; but yet there have been some, who reserving themselves entire for greater Things, (as you'll in Time hear) refus'd to grant this Honour to the Nymphs. I shall then be of that Number, (reply'd I) for I could never endure to lose my Time in the Ceremonies, which I have heard a certain Prelate say were to be practis'd to fit a Man for the Commerce of those *Genii*. That Prelate talk'd he knew not what, (said the Count) for you will one Day see they are not *Genii*; besides, never did Sage make Use of either Ceremonies or Superstition for the Familiarity of *Genii*, any more than to the People we are speaking of.

That Cabalist acted upon the Principles of Nature only: And if sometimes there are found in our Books, strange Words, Characters, and Fumigations, it is only to hide from the Ignorant the Physick-Principles. Admire the Simplicity of Nature in all her Operations, even the most marvellous! and in that Simplicity, a Harmony and Concert so great, so just, and so necessary, that it will, in your own Despight,

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reclaim you from your fond Imaginations. What I'm going to tell you, is what we teach to such of our Disciples as we do not care wholly to admit into the Sanctuary of Nature, and yet are unwilling to deprive them of the Society of the Elementary People, thro' the Compassion we bear to those same People.

The *Salamanders*, as you perhaps already comprehend, are compos'd of the most subtile Parts of the Sphere of Fire, conglobated and organiz'd by the Action of the universal Fire, (which I'll discourse to you at large hereafter) so call'd, because 'tis the Principle of all the Movements of Nature. The *Sylphs* are likewise compos'd of the purest Atoms of the Air; the *Nymphs*, of the finest Parts of the Water; and the *Gnomes*, of the subtilest Parts of the Earth. There was a Sort of a Sameness between the Ingredients that form'd *Adam*, and these so perfect Creatures; because, being made up of the very purest Particles of these four Elements, he contain'd in himself the Perfections of these four Species of People, and was their natural Lord and King. But so soon as ever his Sinning had thrown him headlong into the Excrements of the Elements, (as you'll find some other Time) the Harmony was broke, and he had no longer any Proportion, being impure and gross, with those Substances so pure and so subtile. What Remedy for this Evil? How shall we new-string the Lute, and recover that lost Sovereignty? O Nature! why art thou so little study'd? Do not you apprehend, Son, with what Simplicity Nature can restore to Man the Good he lost?

Alas!

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Alas! Sir, (reply'd I) I am very ignorant in all those Simplicities. But it is very easy to be knowing in them, (answer'd he.)

If we would recover the Rule over the *Salamanders*, we must purify and exalt the Element of Fire which is in us, and relevelate the Tone of that relax'd String. We need only concentrate the Fire of the World (by Means of concave Mirrours) in a Globe of Glass; and this is the Artifice, which was religiously conceal'd by all the Ancients, and which the divine *Theophrastus* discover'd. There is form'd in this Globe a Solary Powder, which being purify'd of itself from any Mixture of the other Elements, and being prepar'd according to Art, becomes, in a very short Time, sovereignly proper to exalt the Fire which is in us; and changes us, if I may so say, into an Ignious Nature. From that Moment the Inhabitants of the Sphere of Fire become our Inferiors; and being transported with Joy, to see our mutual Harmony restor'd, and us assimilated to them again, they have, for us, all the Friendship which they have for their Like, all the Respect which they owe to their Creator's Image and Lieutenant, and all the Regards which they can possibly be prompted to, by the Desire of obtaining from us that Immortality which they want. It is true, they being more subtile than the Inhabitants of the other Elements, live a very long Time; and so are less pressing upon the Sages for Immortality. You may take up with one of these, my Son, if the Aversion you have express'd, continues upon you: Perhaps he'll never speak to you what you're so afraid of,

EpilA

It

It is not so with the *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, and *Nymphs*. As they live a shorter Space, they have the more Business to do with us; so their Familiarity is easier to obtain. We need only close up a Glass full of conglobated Air, Water, or Earth, and then expose it to the Sun one Month; then separate the Elements according to Art, which is very easily done, particularly in Water and Earth. 'Tis wonderful what a magnetick Quality each of these purify'd Elements has to attract *Nymphs*, *Sylphs*, and *Gnomes*. Take but ever so small a Dose thereof every Day for some Months, and you'll see the Republick of *Sylphs* fluttering in the Air, the *Nymphs* making to the Banks in Shoals, and the Guardians of Wealth spreading forth their Treasures. Thus, without Characters, without Ceremonies, without barbarous Words, we become absolute over all these Nations. They require no Worship from the Sage; they know he is nobler than they. Thus, venerable Nature teaches her Children to repair the Elements by the Elements. Thus Harmony is reviv'd. Thus Man recovers his natural Empire, and *can* every Thing in the Elements, without the Devil, and without unlawful Art. Thus you see, Son, that the Sages are more innocent than you thought for. You say nothing to me——

I admire you, Sir, (said I) and I begin to fear you'll make a Distiller of me. Ah! God forbid, Child, (cry'd he) 'tis not to such Trifles your Nativity destines you. On the contrary, I charge you not to amuse yourself that Way; I have told you, that the Sages shew such Things to none but those whom they have no Mind to admit into their Society. You will have

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have all those Advantages, with others infinitely more glorious and more agreeable, by quite other Sorts of Processes. The sole Reason of my describing these Methods to you; is to shew you the Innocency of that Philosophy, and to ease you of your Pannick Terrors.

Sir, you do very well, (reply'd I) for I never, in all my Life, was half so much frighten'd as I was e'en now, thank God. And tho' I am not as yet determin'd to accommodate myself with those *Salamanders* you propos'd to me, yet I can't help desiring to know how you came to a Discovery that those *Nymphs* and *Sylphs* die. They tell us so, (answer'd he) and we likewise see them die. How can you see them die, (reply'd I) since the Commerce you have with them renders them immortal. That's very right, (said he) if the Number of the Sages equall'd the Number of those People; besides, that there are several among them who chuse rather to die, than (by becoming immortal) to run a Risk of being unhappy, as they see the Devils are. 'Tis Satan inspires them with these Sentiments, for he leaves no Stone unturn'd to hinder those poor Creatures from becoming immortal thro' our Alliance. So that, my Son, I look upon it, (and so ought you) that that Aversion of yours is a very pernicious Temptation, and a most uncharitable Disposition.

Now as to the Death you speak of: Who was it that oblig'd the Oracle of *Apollo* to say, that all those who spoke in the Oracles, were mortal as well as himself, as *Porphyrius* reports? And what do you think was intended by that Voice which was heard on all the Shores of *Italy*, and which struck so great a Terror on all those

those who were out at Sea? THE GREAT PAN IS DEAD. It was the People of the Air, who gave Intelligence to the People of the Waters, that the first and eldest of the Sylphs was just then expir'd.

When that Voice was heard, (said I to him) the World, I think, worship'd *Pan* and the *Nymphs*. Those Gentlemen then, whose Commerce you recommend me to, were the false Gods of the Heathens.

It is true, my Child, (reply'd he.) The Sages are far from believing, that the Devil ever had the Power to cause himself to be ador'd. He is too unhappy, and too weak, ever to have had that Pleasure, and that Authority. But he may have had the Power to perswade those Inhabitants of the Elements to shew themselves to Men, and to cause Temples to be erected to them; and by the natural Power which each of them has over the Element it resides in, they disturb'd the Air and Sea, shook the Earth, and dealt abroad Heaven's fiery Artillery as they pleas'd: So they found it no very difficult Matter to be taken for Deities, whilst the Supreme Being neglected the Salvation of the Gentiles. But the Devil did not reap from his Wickedness, all the Advantage he hop'd to do; for, from that Time, it happen'd that *Pan*, the *Nymphs*, and the other Elementary Nations, having found Means to change this Commerce of Worship into a Commerce of Love, (for you must needs remember, that among the Ancients, *Pan* was the King of those Gods whom they call'd Incubus-Gods, and who were very fond of young Maidens) many of the Pagans

escap'd

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escap'd out of the Clutches of the Devil, and will not burn in Hell.

I don't understand you, Sir, (reply'd I.) It may be so, (continu'd he, smiling, and in a Tone of Raillery) this is what passes your Understanding, and likewise that of all your Doctors, who are ignorant of polite Physicks. This is the grand Myſtery of all that Part of Philosophy which respects the Elements, and which (if you have any Love for yourself) will cure you of that unphilosophical Repugnance which you seem so suddenly to have taken up. Know then, my Son, but do not divulge this mighty Arcanum to any unworthy Sot: Know, that as the Sylphs acquire an Immortal Soul by the Alliance they contract with such Men as are Vessels of Election, in like Manner those Men, who are not set apart for eternal Glory, those Sons of Perdition, to whom Immortality is a dismal Advantage, for whom the Messiah was not sent ——— You Gentlemen of the Cabala, are *Jansenists* then, (interrupted I.) We know nothing of that, (reply'd he, bluntly) we scorn to inform our selves concerning the different Sects and Religions which Fools break their Brains about. We stick to the ancient Religion of our Fathers the Philosophers, which I must one Day bring you acquainted with. But to return to the Thread of our Discourse; those Men, whose melancholy Immortality would be but an eternal Misfortune; those unhappy Children, whom the sovereign Father has rejected, have still this Resource; they can become mortal, by coupling themselves to the Elementary People. So that you see the Sages run no Hazard as to Eternity; if they are Predestinated to Bliss, they

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they have the Pleasure (when they quit the Prison of this Body) to lead to Heaven a *Sylphid*, or a Nymph, whom they have Immortaliz'd; and if they are not predestinated, the Commerce of the *Sylphid* renders their Soul mortal, and delivers them from the Terrors of the second Death. Thus the Devil mis'd of all the Heathens, who ally'd themselves to Nymphs. Thus the Sages, or the Friends of Sages, to whom God directs us to communicate some of the four elementary Secrets, (which I have pretty well inform'd you of) free themselves from the Danger of being damn'd.

Upon my Word, (cry'd I) (not daring to put him again out of Humour, and thinking it adviseable to defer speaking my Thoughts fully to him, till he had unfolded to me all the Secrets of his Cabal; which, by this Sample, I judg'd must be very odd and diverting) Upon my Word, you have carry'd Wisdom to a very great Length; and you were in the Right, to say it would pass the Understanding of all our Doctors: I fancy it would pass the Understanding of all our Magistrates likewise: And if they could discover who they are that give the Devil the Dog to hold in that Manner; as Ignorance is always unjust, they would be apt to espouse the Interests of the Devil against those Run-aways, and would lead them but a scurvy Life.

For that Reason it is (reply'd the Count) that I did, and do solemnly recommend the Thing to you as a Secret. Your Judges are strange Folks! a very innocent Action, they condemn as a very heinous Crime. What Barbarity! To burn those two Priests which the

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Prince of *Miranda* was acquainted with † and who had each his *Sylphid* for the Space of forty Years! What Inhumanity to put to Death *Joan Hervillier*, who had labour'd to immortalize a *Gnome* for six and thirty Years together! And what Ignorance in *Bodin*, to treat her as a Sorceress! and from her Adventure, to take Occasion to authorize the vulgar Chimeras concerning pretended Wizards! By a Book as impertinent, as that of the † *Republick* is rational.

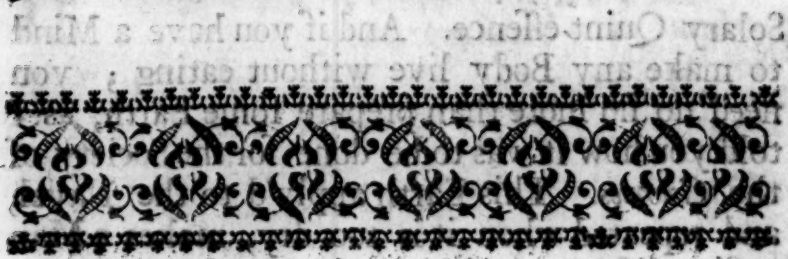
But 'tis late, and I don't consider you have not yet din'd. You speak for your self, Sir, (said I to him) for, for my Part, I could listen to you 'till to Morrow, without Uneasiness. Ah! as for me, (reply'd he, smiling and walking toward the Door, I find you are not much acquainted what it is to be a Philosopher. The Sages eat only for their Pleasure, and never for Necessity. I thought quite the Contrary, (reply'd I) I believ'd, that a Sage never eat but to satisfy Necessity. You're deceiv'd (said the Count) how long do you think we Sages can hold out without eating? How should I know, (said I.) *Moses* and *Elias* fasted forty Days; you Sages, not so long by some Days, I suppose. A mighty Matter truly! (replies he.) The most knowing Man that ever liv'd, the Divine, the almost adorable *Paracelsus*, affirms, that he had seen many Sages who liv'd twenty Years, without eating the least Bit of any Thing. He himself, e'er he arriv'd to that Monarchy of Sageness, of which we have justly defer'd to him the Scepter, was pleas'd to Essay to live several Years, by taking nothing but half a Scruple of the Solary

† *Bodin writ a Book in Folio, De Republica.*

Solary Quint-essence. And if you have a Mind to make any Body live without eating ; you need do no more than prepare some Earth, as I told you how it was to be done for the Society of the *Gnomes*. This Earth apply'd to the Navel, and repeated when it is too dry, makes a Man easily dispence with Eating and Drinking : Thus the infallible *Paracelsus* says, he experienc'd for six Months.

But the Use of the Catholick-Cabalistick Medicine does much better redeem us from all the troublesome Necessities, to which Nature subjects the Ignorant. We never eat but when we please ; and all the Superfluity of the Meat vanishing away by insensible Transpiration, we never have the Shame of being Men. Here he ceas'd, perceiving we were within Hearing of our Servants. We went into the Village to take a slender Repast, according to the Custom of the Heroes of Philosophy.





DISCOURSE III.



AFTER Dinner, we return'd to the Labyrinth. I could not help putting on a cloudy Look; and my Pity for the Count's Extravagance, which I judg'd would be a difficult Task to cure him of, lessen'd the Pleasure I should have had, if there had been any Likelihood of recovering him to his Senses. I was studying, if I could not find out something in Antiquity that might work upon him; for, as to urging the Sentiments of the Church, he had declar'd to me, that the ancient Religion of his Fathers, the Philosophers, was what alone he adher'd to; and to go about to convince a Cabalist by Reason, would be a long-winded Undertaking: Besides, I did not much care to dispute against a Man whose Principles I was but in part acquainted with.

It came into my Head, that what he had said concerning the false Gods, in whose Room he had substituted the *Sylphs* and other Elementary People, might be refuted by the Heathen Oracles, whom the Scripture every where terms
Devils,

Devils, and not *Sylphs*. But then, not knowing but that according to the Principles of his Cabal, the Count might ascribe the Answers of the Oracles to some natural Cause, I thought it the best Way to get out of him his utmost Thoughts about that Matter.

He gave me a Handle for this; when, before we enter'd the Labyrinth, he turn'd his Face to the Garden. It is very fine, (said he) and those Statues are wonderfully agreeable to the Eye. The Cardinal (replies I) who caus'd them to be brought hither, had an odd Fancy, and unworthy of his great Genius. He believ'd that most of these Statues were the Organs, out of which the ancient Oracles were delivered, and gave an extraordinary Price for them, upon that very Score. That's a common Weakness, (reply'd the Count) Ignorance is every Day the Cause of committing a Kind of very criminal Idolatry, by Mens preserving with so much Care, and valuing so highly, the Idols which they fancy the Devil heretofore made Use of, to cause himself to be worshipp'd. O God! will Men never know that Thou, from the Birth of Time, didst make *thine Enemies thy Foot-stool*, and keepest the Evil Spirits Prisoners beneath the Earth, in the Gulph of Darkness? This so indiscreet Curiosity of procuring these pretended Organs of the *Demons*, might become innocent, (my Son) if People would but be persuaded that the Angels of Darkness were never permitted to speak in the Oracles.

I don't believe (interrupted I) that the Virtuosi would be easily brought to believe that: But the Free-thinkers perhaps might: For not long ago it was decided in a Conference held

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on purpose upon this Subject, by the Wits of the first Rank; that those pretended Oracles were nothing but a Trick of the Priests to get Money, or an Artifice of the Princes for some political Design.

They were the *Mahometan* Ambassadors, sent hither some Time since, were they not? No, Sir, (answer'd I.) What Religion were they then of, (reply'd he) since they reckon as nothing the Holy Scripture, which in so many Places makes Mention of so many different Oracles? and especially the *Pythons*, (or prophesying Spirits) who took up their Residence in, and gave their Answers from, the Parts ordain'd for the multiplying God's Image. I reply'd, that I had mention'd all those Ventri-loquent, Belly-speaking Spirits, and had taken Notice to the Company of Free-thinkers, that King *Saul* banish'd them his Kingdom, wherein however he met with one of 'em, the Night before his Death, whose Voice had the wondrous Force to raise up *Samuel* at his Request, and for his Ruin. But those learned Men could not be withheld from deciding that there never were Oracles.

If Scripture made no Impressi^{on} upon them, (said the Count) they should have been convinc'd from Antiquity; throughout which it had been easy to have shewn them a thousand marvellous Proofs of it. So many Virgins teeming with the Destiny of Mortals, and bringing forth the good or ill Luck of those who consulted them. Why did you not alledge to them *Chrysostom*, *Origen*, and *Œcumenius*, who make Mention of those divine Men, call'd by the *Greeks Engastrimantes*, whose prophetick Bel-lies deliver'd such famous Oracles. And if they
don't

don't like Scripture and the Fathers! they ought to have been put in Mind of those miraculous Maidens, whom *Pausanias*, the *Greek*, speaks of; and who transform'd themselves into Doves; and under that Form, were the celebrated Oracles, call'd the *Columba Dodonides*. Or else (to the Glory of your own Nation) you might have told them, that *Gaul*, in former Times, produc'd illustrious Maidens, who metamorphos'd themselves into all Shapes (to please those who consulted them) and who, besides the oracular Answers they gave, had a wonderful Influence upon the Waters, and a salubrious Authority over the most incurable Distempers.

All these Proofs (said I) would have been treated as *Apocryphal*. Why, does Antiquity render them suspected? (Reply'd he.) If so, you need only have instanc'd in the Oracles which are still in Being. In what Part of the World? (said I.) At *Paris*, (reply'd he.) At *Paris*! (cry'd I.) Yes, at *Paris*, (contin'd he.) You a Teacher in *Israel*, and know not these Things! Is it not every Day's Practise to consult the aquatick Oracles in Glasses of Water or Basins; and the aerial Oracles in Mirrors, and upon the Hand of Virgins? Are not lost Chaplets, and stoll'n Watches, recover'd by that Means? Do not People hear Tidings from distant Countries, and see their absent Friends? Alas, Sir! what Stories you tell me, said I to him! I tell you nothing, (reply'd he) but what I'm sure happens every Day; and which, I could easily prove, by a Thousand Eye-Witnesses. I can't think it, Sir, (reply'd I.) The Magistrates would make some Example of so

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punishable

34 *The Count de GABALIS; or,*

punishable an Action, and would not suffer Idolatry to ——— You go too fast, (interrupted the Count,) there's no such Harm in't as you imagine; and Providence will not permit the Extirpation of that Remain of Philosophy, which has escap'd from the lamentable Shipwreck of Truth. If there still continues among the People any Foot-step of the redoubted Power of divine Names, would you have them effac'd? Are you for destroying the Respect and Gratitude which is due to the great Name *AGLA*? which operates all those Miracles, when it is invok'd ev'n by the Ignorant and Sinful; and which would perform far other Miracles in a Cabalistick Mouth. If you had had a Mind to convince your Sparks of the Reality of Oracles, you needed only to have exalted your Fancy and Faith, and turning yourself towards the *West*, cry'd aloud, *AG*.— Sir, (interrupted I,) I did not care to use that sort of Argument to such ingenious Men as those were; they would have taken me for a Madman: For, depend upon't, they have no Faith in any Thing like that; and even tho' I had been acquainted with the Cabalistick Operation you speak of, it would have done no Good in my Mouth: For I have yet less Faith in it than they. Well, well, (said the Count) you'll know better in Time. However, if you had thought that your Gentlemen would not have given Credit to what they might see every Day at *Paris*, you might have cited to them a Story of very fresh Date. The Oracle which *Celius Rhodiginus* says he saw himself about the End of the last Century, in the Person of that extraordinary Man, who spoke and foretold, what

what was to come to pass, with the same Organ as the *Eurycles* of *Plutarch*. To have cited *Rhodiginus*, (said I) would have look'd Pedantick; and they would certainly have told me, that that Man was a *Demoniack*.

That had been so like a Monk ——— (reply'd he,) Sir, (interrupted I) notwithstanding the Cabalistical Aversion which I see you have for Monks, I can't help siding with them upon this Occasion. I am of Opinion, there's less Harm in absolutely denying there ever were Oracles, than in saying, it was not the Devil that spoke in them. For, in short, the Fathers and the Theologians, ——— For in short, (interrupted he) do not the Theologians grant, that the learned *Sambethe*, the eldest of the *Sybil*s, was the Daughter of *Noah*? Well! what then, (replies I.) Does not *Plutarch*, (reply'd he) affirm, that the eldest *Sybill* was the first that gave Oracular Answers at *Delphos*? The Spirit which *Sambethe* entertain'd in her Bosom, was not therefore a Devil, nor her *Apollo* a false God; since Idolatry did not begin till a long Time after the Confusion of Languages: And it were a very absurd Thing to ascribe to the Father of Lies the holy Books of the *Sybil*s, and all the Proofs of true Religion, which the Fathers have fetch'd from thence. Besides, Son, continu'd he Smiling, 'tis not decent in you to annul the Marriage which a certain Cardinal has made between *David* and a *Sybil*, and accuse that learned Person of having put in Parallel a great Prophet, and a be-devil'd old Woman; for either *David* strengthens the Evidence of the *Sybil*, or the *Sybil* weakens the Authority of

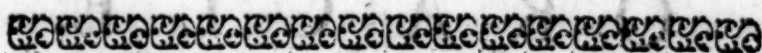
36 *The Count de GABALIS; or,*

David. I beg Sir, (interrupted I) that you would resume the Serious.

I will so, said he, provided you will not accuse me of being too much so. Do you think the Devil was ever divided against himself? And is he ever against his own Interest? Why not, said I? Why not, said he? Because he whom *Tertullian* has so happily and gloriously call'd *The Reason of God*, has declar'd otherwise. *Satan* never divided against himself. It therefore follows either, that the Devil never spoke in Oracles, or that he never spoke against his Interests. *Ergo*, if the Oracles have spoken against the Interest of the Devil, it was not the Devil that spoke in the Oracles. But said I to him, might not God force the Devil to bear Testimony to the Truth, and speak against himself? But, (reply'd he) suppose God did not force him to do it? In that Case (reply'd I) you'll be more in the Right than the Monks. Let us then examine it, pursu'd he; and in Order to proceed seriously and convincingly, I will not bring the Testimonies of the Oracles reported by the Fathers of the Church, tho' I'm perswaded of the Veneration you have for those great Men. Their Religion, and the Interest they had in the Thing, might have prejudic'd them; and their Love for the Truth, might have put them upon borrowing some Cloaths; and even some fictitious Ornament to dress it up in, because, in their Time, Truth was very poor and naked: They were Men, and consequently might have been false Witnesses, according to the Maxim of the Poet of the Synagogue.

I shall therefore take a Man that cannot be suspected in this Cause: A Pagan indeed, but
a Pagan

a Pagan of a different sort from *Lucretius*, or *Lucian*, or the *Epicureans*; a Pagan so extravagant, as to believe that there are Gods and Devils without Number, immoderately superstitious, a great Magician, or pretending to be such, and consequently a great Partisan of Devils, and that is *Porphyrius*. I'll give you, Word for Word, some Oracles that he reports.



O R A C L E.

THere is above the Celestial Fire a Flame incorruptible, ever sparkling, Source of Life, Fountain of all Beings, and Principal of all Things. This Flame produces every Thing, and Nothing perishes but what It consumes. It is self-evident; it cannot be contained in any Place; it is corporeal and immaterial; it environs the Heavens, and there issues out of it a small Spark, which makes the whole Fire of the Sun, of the Moon, and of the Stars. This is what I know of God; don't seek further into his Nature, for that passes thy Understanding, however wise thou art. To conclude, know that wicked, unjust Man, cannot hide himself from God. No Craft, no Evasion, can disguise any Thing from his piercing Eyes. Every Thing is full of God, God is every where.

You
100

38 *The Count de GABALIS ; or,*

You see, my Son, that this Oracle has not too strong a Smack of the Devil. At least, answered I, the Devil departs pretty much from his Character in it: Here is another, said he, that preaches yet better.



O R A C L E.

THere is in God an immense Profundity of Flame: The Heart however ought not to fear touching this adorable Fire, or being touch'd by it; it will not be consumed by this gentle Fire, the Warmth whereof causes the Combination, the Harmony, and the Duration of the World. Nothing subsists but by this Fire, which is God it self. No Body begat it, it has no Mother, it knows every Thing, and can be taught Nothing: It is unalterable in its Desigus, and its Name is ineffable. This is God: For, as for us, who are his Messengers, **WE ARE ONLY A SMALL PART OF GOD.**

Well, what say you of this? I say of both of them, reply'd I, that God can force the Father of Untruth to bear Testimony to the Truth. Here is another, reply'd the Count, which will remove that Scrupel.

O R A-



ORACLE.

WEEP, O ye Tripods, and bewail
your *Apollo*; HE IS MORTAL,
HE IS DYING, HE IS DEAD;
because the Light of the Celestial Flame
extinguishes him.

You see plainly, my Child, what this is
that speaks in these Oracles, and explains so well
to the Heathens, the Essence, the Unity, the
Immensity, the Eternity of God. He owns he
is mortal, and but a Spark of God. It is not
the Devil therefore that speaks, since he is im-
mortal, and since God would not force him to
say he is not so. It is determined, that Satan
does not divide against himself. Was saying
there was but one God a likely Expedient to
cause himself to be worship'd? He says he's mor-
tal; how long has the Devil been so modest, so
self-denying, as to disown even his natural Qua-
lities. You see therefore, my Son, that if the
Principle of him, who is call'd by way of Ex-
cellence the *God of Sciences, subsists, it can-
not be the Devil who spoke in the Oracles.

But, (said I) if it was not the Devil, either
lying for the Nonce, when he talk'd of being
mortal; or telling Truth by Compulsion, when
he spoke of God; to what Cause will your Ca-
bal ascribe all the Oracles which you allow have
actu-

* He means *Apollo*, whose Principle is Fire.

40 *The Count de GABALIS; or,*

actually Been? Is it to the Exhalation of the Earth, as *Aristotle, Cicero, Plutarch*—Alas, no, (replies the Count) Thanks to the sacred *Cabala*, I am not so whimsical as that comes to. How! (return'd I) do you hold that Opinion to be whimsical? Its Favourers are Men of good Sense. Not in that; (continued he) and it is impossible to attribute to such Exhalation all that has pass'd of Oracular. For Example: That Man, in *Tacitus*, who appear'd in a Dream to the Priests of *Hercules* in *Armenia*, and commanded them to get ready for him some Hunting-Horses for a Chace. So far it might be Exhalation; but when those Horses return'd in the Evening quite jaded, and the Quivers empty'd of their Shafts, and the next Day, there were just so many Beasts found dead in the Forest, as there had been Arrows in the Quivers; it is plain it could not be Exhalation which caus'd that Effect; much less the Devil; for it would be having an irrational and un-cabalistical Notion of the Misery of God's Enemy, to believe he was suffer'd to divert himself with hunting a Stag or a Hare.

To what other Cause then (said I) does the sacred Cabal ascribe all this? Hold a while, (answer'd he.) Before I unfold to you this Mystery, I must cure you of the Prejudice you may be under, as to that pretended Exhalation; for, methought, you cited with an Emphasis *Aristotle, Plutarch, and Cicero*. You might likewise have cited *Jamblicus*, who, tho' a great Genius, continued some Time in that Error, which, however, he soon relinquisht, when he had examined the Thing more maturely in his Book of Mysteries.

Peter

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Peter of Aponus, Pomponatius, Levinius, Sinenius, and *Lucilio Vanino*, were likewise overjoy'd to find that Subterfuge in some of the Ancients. All those pretended Free-thinkers, who, when they treat of divine Things, speak rather what they wish, than what they know; are unwilling to allow any Thing supernatural in Oracles, for fear of confessing there's any Thing above Man. They're apprehensive lest People should make a Ladder for them to mount up to a God, whom they fear to come to the Knowledge of by the Steps of Spiritual Creatures; and they had rather frame one for themselves to descend into Nothingness. Instead of lifting themselves towards Heaven, they delve into the Earth; and, instead of searching in Beings superior to Man, for the Cause of those Raptures which raise him above himself, and render him a Kind of Divinity; they foolishly ascribe to impotent Exhalations, that Power of penetrating into Futurity, discovering hidden Things, and soaring up to the highest Secrets of the Divine Essence.

Such is the Misery of Man, when possess'd with a Spirit of Contradiction, and a Humour of thinking differently from others! Instead of reaching his Ends, he does nothing but bewilder and hamper himself. These Libertines are not for subjecting Man to Substances less material than himself, and yet subject him to an Exhalation; and without considering, that there's no Relation between that chimerical Fume and the Soul of Man, between that Vapour and future Things, between that frivolous Cause and those miraculous Effects, they think being Singular,

42 *The Count de GABALIS ; or,*

gular, is enough to make them be thought Rational. 'Tis sufficient for them to deny the Being of Spirits, and yet, forsooth, they put on an Air of free-thinking Spirits.

You do not love Singularity then? (interrupted I.) Ah! Son, (said he) 'tis the Pest of good Sense, and the Stumbling-block of the greatest Wits. *Aristotle*, as great a Logician as he was, could not avoid the Snare into which the Fancy of Singularity leads those whom it possesses so violently as it did him; he could not help entangling and contradicting himself. In his Book of the *Generation of Animals*, and in that of *Morals*, he says, That the Wit and Understanding of Man, comes to him from without, and that we cannot receive it from our Parents: And from the Spirituality of the Operations of our Soul, he concludes, that it is of a different Nature from that material Composition which it animates, and whose Grossness only serves to obfuscate the Speculations, rather than contribute to their Production. Blind *Aristotle*! if, according to you, our material Composition cannot be the Source of our Spiritual Thoughts, how will you make it out, that a weak Exhalation can be the Cause of sublime Thoughts, and of that soaring Pitch which the *Pythian Oracles* fly? You see, my Son, that this Free-thinker contradicts himself, and is put into a Wood by his Singularity. You argue very justly, Sir, (said I; glad to hear him talk rationally, and hoping that his Madness would prove no incurable Distemper) God grant that——. *Plutarch*, (continu'd he, interrupting me) who is so solid in other Respects, moves my Pity in his Dialogue
con-

concerning the *Cessation of Oracles*. He raises Objections, but does not resolve them. Why does he not answer to what is said to him, *viz.* That if 'tis Exhalation that causes that Rapture, all those who approach the Fate-foretelling Tripod, would be seiz'd with Enthusiasm, and not one Female alone, nor her, unless a Virgin? But how can that Vapour give articulate Sounds from the Belly? Besides, that Exhalation is a natural and necessary Cause, and ought to produce its Effect regularly and continually; how comes that Maiden never to be under Agitation, but when consulted? And, which is more, why has the Earth given over sending forth such divine Vapours? Is it not as much Earth now as then? Does it receive other Influences? Has it other Seas, other Rivers? Who has therefore so stop'd up its Pores, or chang'd its Nature?

I wonder that *Pomponatius*, *Lucilius*, and the other Libertines, should borrow the Idea from *Plutarch*, and forsake the Manner in which he expresses himself. He spoke more judiciously than *Cicero* and *Aristotle*, as he was a Man of very good Sense; and not knowing what Conclusion to draw from all those Oracles, after a tiresome Irresolution, he determin'd, that that Exhalation which he believ'd issu'd from the Earth, was a most divine Spirit: Thus he ascrib'd to a Deity those extraordinary Movements and Illuminations of *Apollo's* Priestesses. *This prophesying Vapour is (says he) a most Divine Breath, and most Holy Spirit.* *Pomponatius*, *Lucilius*, and the modern Atheists, don't take up with these Ways of Speaking which suppose a Deity. These Exhalations (say they) were of the Nature of those Vapours which molest the Atrabili-

44 *The Count de GABALIS; or,*

larious, (Splenatick) who speak Languages they don't understand. But *Fernelius* very well confutes those Wretches, by proving, that the Bile, which is a peccant Humour, cannot cause that Diversity of Tongues, which is one of the most marvellous Effects of Consideration, and an artificial Declaration of our Thoughts. He, however, decided the Thing imperfectly, in subscribing to *Pfellus*, and all those who have not div'd deep enough in our Holy Philosophy. Being at a Loss whence to fetch the Causes of such surprizing Effects, he acted just as the Women and Monks do, and ascrib'd 'em to the Devil. What then ought they to be ascrib'd to? (said I) I have long waited for this Cabalistic Secret.

Plutarch has very well mark'd it, (said he) and he had done well, if he had stuck there. That irregular Method of making Use of an unseemly Organ for Expression, not being grave enough, nor becoming the Majesty of the Gods, (says that Pagan) and what the Oracle spoke surpassing likewise the Powers of the Soul of Man; they have done great Service to Philosophy, who have set up mortal Creatures between Gods and Men; to whom may be referr'd every Thing that exceeds human Weakness, and yet is short of the divine Greatness.

This Opinion was held by all the ancient Philosophers. The *Platonists* and the *Pythagoreans*, took it from the *Agyptians*; and they from *Joseph* the Saviour, and from the *Hebrews* who sojourn'd in *Agypt* before the Passage of the Red Sea. The *Hebrews* call'd these Substances, which are half Angel half Man, *Sadaim*; and the *Greeks* transposing the Syllables, and
adding

adding but one Letter, call'd them *Daimonas*. These *Demons* are with the ancient Philosophers, an Aerial Nation, ruling over the Elements, mortal, ingendering, unknown in this Age to those who do not seek the Truth in its ancient Abode, that is to say, in the Cabala, and in the Theology of the *Hebrews*, who had the particular Art of entertaining that Aerial Nation, and conversing with all those Inmates of the Air.

You are return'd again to your *Sylphs*, Sir, (interrupted I.) I am so, (continu'd he.) The *Theraphim* of the *Jews* was nothing but the Ceremony necessary to be observ'd in that Commerce; and that Jew *Michas*, who complains in the Book of *Judges*, that his Gods were taken from him, only laments the Loss of the little Image wherein the *Sylphs* us'd to converse with him. The Gods which *Rachel* stole from her Father, was likewise a *Theraphim*. Neither *Michas* nor *Laban* are reprov'd for Idolatry, nor would *Jacob* have car'd to have liv'd fourteen Years with an Idolater, or to have marry'd his Daughter: 'Twas only a Commerce of *Sylphs*; and we know by Tradition, that such Commerce was allow'd by the Synagogue; and that the Idol belonging to *David's* Wife, was nothing but a *Theraphim*; by Help whereof, she held Correspondence with the elementary Inhabitants; for you may well imagine the Prophet after God's own Heart, would not have suffer'd Idolatry in his House.

These Elementary Nations, so long as God neglected the Salvation of the World in Punishment for the first Sin, delighted in expressing to
Men

46 *The Count de GABALIS ; or,*

Men in Oracles, what they knew of God ; they took a Pleasure in teaching them to live morally ; in giving them most wile and salutary Counsels, such as are seen frequently in *Plutarch*, and all the Historians. So soon as God took Compassion on Mankind, and was pleas'd himself to be their Teacher, these little Masters withdrew. Hence comes the Silence of Oracles.

The Result therefore of your Discourse, (reply'd I) is, that there have certainly been Oracles, or Places where divine Answers were given, and that 'twas the *Sylphs* who gave those Answers, and who still give them every Day in Drinking-Glasses or Looking-Glasses. The *Sylphs*, or *Salamanders*, the *Gnomes* or the *Nymphs*, (reply'd the Count.) If so, Sir, (reply'd I) all your Elementary Folks are very ill-designing People. Why so? (said he.) Why, can any Thing be more knavish, (pursu'd I) than those double-meaning Answers which they gave continually? Continually! (reply'd he.) Alas! not continually. That *Sylphid* who appear'd to that *Roman* in *Asia*, and predicted to him, that he should one Day return thither again, with the Dignity of Proconsul, did she speak obscurely? And does not *Tacitus* say, the Thing came to pass just as she had foretold? That Inscription, and those famous Statues in the History of *Spain*, who advertis'd the unhappy King *Rodriguez*, that his Curiosity and Incontinence should be punish'd by Men habited and arm'd just as they themselves were; and that those sable Men should sterve the Kingdom of *Spain*, and reign there a long Time; could this have been plainer, and was it not made good

good by the Event the very same Year? Did not the *Moors* come and dethrone that effeminate King? You know the Story well enough; and you are sensible, that the Devil, who, since the Reign of the *Messias*, has not the Disposal of Empires, could not be the Author of that Oracle; and that it was undoubtedly some great Cabalist, who had learn'd it from some of the most learned *Salamanders*. For as the *Salamanders* are mighty Lovers of Chastity, they willingly impart to us the Misfortunes that are to befall the World for Want of that Vertue.

But, Sir, (said I to him) that same Heteroclite Instrument, which they made Use of to preach their Morality, do you think it very chaste, and worthy of the Cabalistical Modesty? You have a corrupt Imagination, (said the Count smiling.) You don't see the Physical Reason why a *Salamander* naturally delights in the most fiery Parts, and is attracted by——. I understand, (interrupted I) you need not give yourself the Trouble to explain yourself more at full.

As for the Obscurity of some Oracles, (pursu'd he seriously) which you call Knavery, is not Darknes the customary Dress of Truth? Does not God delight to hide himself in the sable Mantle of Night? And is not the everlasting Oracle, which he has left to his Children, the Holy Scripture, Is it not wrapt up in an adorable Obscurity, which confounds and puzzles the Proud, as much as its Light guides the Humble?

If you have no other Difficulty but that, my Son, I would not have you defer entering into
Ac-

48 *The Count de GABALIS ; or,*

Acquaintance with those Elementary Folks: You'll find them a very good Sort of People, learned, benevolent, Fearers of God. I'm of Opinion you should begin with the *Salamanders*; for you have *Mars* in the Top of Heaven in your Figure, which signifies, that there's a great deal of Fire in all your Actions. And as for Marriage, I'm clearly for your taking a *Sylphid*; you'll be happier with her, than with any of the others; for you have *Jupiter* in the Point of your Ascendant, and *Venus* looking *Sextile*. Now, *Jupiter* presides over the Air, and the Inhabitants thereof. However, you must consult your own Heart upon this; for, as you'll one Day see, a Sage governs himself by the interior Stars, and the Stars of the exterior Heaven serve only to give him a more certain Knowledge of the Aspects of the Stars of the interior Heaven, which is in each Creature. So that now it is your Part to tell me your Inclination, that we may proceed to your Alliance with such of those Elementary People as are most to your Liking. Sir, (answer'd I) this Affair, in my Opinion, requires a little Consultation. I esteem you for that Answer, (said he to me) laying his Hand on my Shoulder. Consult maturely this Affair, especially with him who is call'd, by Way of Excellence, the Angel of the Great Council: Go, betake yourself to Prayer, and I'll be with you to Morrow at Two i'th' Afternoon.

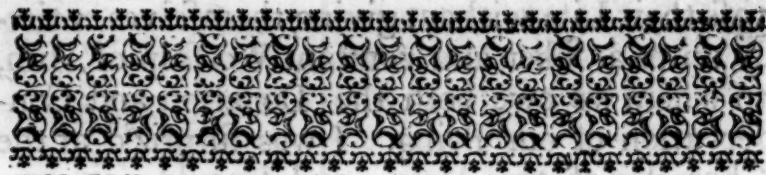
We took Coach for *Paris*, and, as we rode, I again engag'd him upon the Discourse against Atheists and Libertines: I never in my Life heard such excellent Arguments, nor such noble and weighty Things said, for the Existence of a
God,

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a God, and against the Blindness of those who pass their Life without giving themselves entirely up to a sober and constant Worship of Him, to whom we owe both the Donation and Conservation of our Being. I was surpriz'd at the Character of this Man; and I could not comprehend how 'twas possible for him to be at once so wise and so weak; so admirable and so ridiculous.



H D I S



DISCOURSE IV.



STAY'D within for the Count *de GABALIS*, according to Agreement. He came at the appointed Hour, and accosting me with a smiling Air; Well, Son, (says he) which of the invisible Species does God give you most Inclination to? Would you rather have a *Salamander*, or a *Gnome*, a *Nymph*, or a *Sylphid*? I am not, as yet, fully determined, Sir, (replies I.) Why, where sticks it? (says he.) To be frank with you, Sir, (answer'd I) I can't conquer my Conceit, which still represents those pretended Inhabitants of the Air, as so many Limbs of the Devil. O Lord! (exclaims he aloud) Dissipate, O God of Light, the Darkness which Ignorance and a perverse Education have spread upon the Mind of this Elect, whom thou, O God, hast intimated to me to be destinated for great Things! And you, my Child, shut not the Door against the Truth, which is willing to enter in unto thee. Be docil. But no, I dispense with you from being so; for it is injurious to Truth, to have a Harbinger. She can

can break thro' Gates of Iron, and enter where she pleases ; maugre all the Resistance of Falshood. What can you have to oppose to her? Was not God able to create those Substances in the Elements, just as I have describ'd them?

I have not examin'd, (said I to him) whether the Thing it self be impossible ; whether one sole Element can furnish Blood, Flesh, and Bones ; whether there can be a Temperature without Mixture, and Action without Contrariety : But supposing God is able to do it, what solid Proof is there that he has done it?

You shall be convinc'd (said he) this Moment, without any more ado. I will call hither the *Sylphs* of *Cardanus* ; you shall, from their own Mouth, hear what they are, and what I have told you of 'em. By no Means, good Sir, (cry'd I hastily) I beg you would let it alone, 'till such Time as I'm perswaded those People are not God's Enemies ; for I would sooner die, than do such Wrong to my Conscience, as ———

Behold the ignorant and false Piety of these unhappy Times ! (interrupts the Count angrily.) Why then are not the greatest of the Anchorets expung'd the Calendar of Saints ? Why are not their Statues burnt ? 'Tis a thousand Pities they do not insult their venerable Ashes ! and throw 'em to the Wind, as they would do by the Remains of such Wretches as are accus'd of conversing with the Devil. Did ever any Body take it in their Head to Exercise *Sylphs* ? And have they not been treated as Men ? What have you to say to that, Sir *Scrupulous* ; you, and all your miserable Teachers ? The *Sylph* who discours'd concerning his Nature to that

52 *The Count de GABALIS; or,*

Patriarch, was he, think ye, a Limb of the Devil? Was it with an Imp, that incomparable Man conferr'd about the Gospel? And will you accuse him of prophaning the adorable Mysteries, by entertaining himself with a *Phantom*, an Enemy of God? *Athanasius* and *Ferom*, must then be most unworthy of the great Name they have among the Learned, for writing with so much Eloquence, the Elogium of a Man who treated the Devils so humanly. If they had taken that *Sylph* for a Devil, they would either have conceal'd the Thing, or left out that preaching in the Spirit, or that pathetick Apostrophe made to the City of *Alexandria* by an *Anchoret*, more believing and zealous than you are: And if they took him for a Creature that had (as he affirm'd) an Interest in the *Redemption*, as well as we; and if they thought this Apparition an extraordinary Favour done by God to the Saint whose Life they writ; do you do well to pretend to be more learned than *Athanasius* and *Ferom*, and more holy than the divine *Antony*? What would you have said to that admirable Man, had you been one of the ten thousand Hermits to whom he recounted the Conversation he had just been holding with a *Sylph*? You, wiser, and more sharp-sighted than any of those earthly Angels, would undoubtedly have remonstrated to the holy Abbot, that the whole Thing was but mere Illusion; and you would have dissuaded his Disciple *Athanasius*, from communicating to the World a Story so little consonant to Religion, Philosophy, and common Sense; would you not?

It

It is true, (said I to him) I should have been of the Mind either to have said nothing at all of it, or to have said more of it. *Athanasius* and *Jerom* (reply'd he) could not say more of it; for they knew no more; and even tho' they had known all, (which could not be, unless they were of Us) they would not have rashly devulg'd the Secrets of *Sagery*.

But why (said I) did not that *Sylph* propose to *St. Antony*, what you propose now to me? What, the Marriage? (replies the Count, smiling.) That had been a pretty Thing indeed! 'Tis likely the good Man would not have come into't, (said I.) No, certainly, (answer'd the Count) for it would have been tempting God to have marry'd at that Age, and have ask'd Children of Him. How! (retorts I) do People marry those *Sylphs* to have Children by 'em? Why not, (said he) is Marriage ever permitted for any other End? I was not aware (answer'd I) that there was any Thing of *Increase and Multiply* in the Case; I only thought that the whole of the Thing was to immortalize the *Sylphids*.

Alas! you're deceiv'd, (pursu'd he) the *Charity* of Philosophers causes them to propose to themselves as the Immortality of the *Sylphids*: But *Nature* causes them to desire to see the *Sylphids* fruitful. Whenever you have a Mind to't, you shall see in the Air, those Philosophic Families. Well were it for the World, if there had been no other Families, and if there had been no Children of Sin——. What is't you call Children of Sin, Sir? (reply'd I.)

These are (continu'd he) all such Children as are born the common Way; Children conceiv'd thro' the Will of the Flesh, not thro' the Will
of

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of God; Children of Wrath and Malediction; in short, Children of Man and Woman. You long to be breaking in upon me; I see what you would be saying. Yes, Child, know that 'twas never the Will of the Lord, that Man and Woman should have Children as they have. The Design of the most wise Operator was much nobler; he would have had the World peopled in different Manner from what we see it. If that Wretch *Adam* had not egregiously disobey'd the Commands God gave him, not to touch *Eve*; but had contented himself with all the other Fruits of the Garden of Pleasure, with the Beauties of the *Nymphs* and *Sylphids*, the World had not had the Shame to see itself fill'd with Men so imperfect that they cannot be look'd upon as any Thing but Monsters, compar'd to the Children of the Philosophers.

So then, you believe, (said I) that *Adam's* Crime was not that of eating an Apple? Why, Son, (reply'd he) are you one of those who are so simple as to take the Story of the Apple literally? Alas! alas! for you! Know that the holy Language makes Use of those innocent Metaphors, to prevent our having corrupt Ideas of an Action which has caus'd all the Miseries of Mankind. Thus, when *Solomon* said, I will climb up the Palm-Tree, and gather the Fruit thereof; he had quite another sort of Appetite upon him, than to be eating of Dates.

This Language, consecrated by the Angels, and in which they chaunt forth Hymns to the living God, has no Term to express the Meaning of those figurative Words, Apple or Date. But a Sage easily unriddles those chaste Typifyings. When he sees that the Palate and
Mouth

Mouth of *Eve* are not punish'd, and that she brings forth with Pain, he knows it is not the Palate that offended: And discovering from the Care the first Sinners took to hide certain Parts of their Body with Leaves; discovering (I say) what that first Sin consisted in, he draws this Conclusion; namely, that God was not pleas'd that Men should multiply in that vile Way. O *Adam*! thou oughtest not to have begot any Thing but what was like unto thy self, or to have begot none but Heroes or Giants!

What Expedient had he (interrupted I) for either of those marvellous Generations? Obeying God, (reply'd he) touching none but the *Nymphs*, the *Gnomes*, the *Sylphids*, or the *Salamanders*. Thus had he seen an Offspring of Heroes, and the Universe had been peopled with wonderful Men of superior Strength and Wisdom. God has been pleas'd to give us an Inkling of the Difference between that innocent World, and the guilty World we live in, by permitting us from Time to Time to see some of the Children born in the Manner he had projected. Why, Sir, (said I) has any Body ever seen those Children of the Elements? If so, a certain Doctor of the *Sorbonne*, who to'other Day cited to me *St. Austin*, *St. Jerom*, and *Gregory of Nazianzen*, is under a mighty Mistake, in believing, that no Fruit can grow from those Intimacies of Spirits with our Women, or from the Converse of Men with certain *Demons*, by him call'd *Hyphialtes*.

Lactantius has reason'd better, (reply'd the Count) and the solid *Thomas Aquinas*, has learnedly resolv'd that such Intimacies may not only

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only be fruitful, but that the Children born thereof, are of a much more generous and heroic Nature. You may at your Leisure read the high Atchievements of those mighty Men who *Moses* says were born in that Manner : We have the Histories of 'em by us in the Book of the Wars of the Lord, cited in the 23d Chapt. of *Numbers*. Mean While, judge what the World would be, if all those Inhabitants were like, for Example, *Zoroastres*.

What, *Zoroastres*, the Inventor of Necromancy ? (said I.) The same (cry'd he) of whom the Ignorant have written that Calumny. He had the Honour to be the Son of the *Salamander Oromasis*, and of *Vesta*, *Noah's* Wife. He liv'd twelve hundred Years the Sagest Monarch in the World, and then was carry'd away by his Father *Oromasis*, into the Region of *Salamanders*. I make no Doubt, (cry'd I) but that *Zoroastres* is with the *Salamander Oromasis*, in the Region of Fire : But I would not, methinks, have put that Affront upon *Noah*, as you have done.

The Affront is not so great as you think for, (reply'd the Count) all your Patriarchs held it a great Honour to be the reputed Fathers of those Children whom the Sons of God were pleas'd to get upon the Bodies of their Wives ; but as yet, this is too strong Meat for you. Let's return to *Oromasis* : He was belov'd by *Vesta*, *Noah's* Wife. This *Vesta* dying, became the Tutelary Genius of *Rome* ; and the sacred Fire which she enjoin'd the Virgins to preserve with so much Care, was in Honour of the *Salamander* her Lover. Besides *Zoroastres*, there sprang from their Loves, a Daughter, of exquisite Beauty, and infinite Wisdom, the divine *Ægeria* ; from whom, *Nu-*
ma

ma Pompilius receiv'd all his Laws. She oblig'd *Numa*, whom she lov'd, to build a Temple to *Vesta* her Mother, where should be kept the sacred Fire, in Honour of her Father *Oromasis*.

This is the Truth of the Fable which the Poets and the Roman Historians have related concerning that Nymph *Ægeria*. *William Postel*, the most ignorant of all those who have study'd the Cabala in the ordinary Books, had the Sense to perceive, that *Vesta* was *Noah's* Wife; but then he knew not that *Ægeria* was *Vesta's* Daughter; and not having read the secret Books of the ancient Cabala, a Copy of which the Prince of *Miranda* gave such an immense Sum for, he confounded Things, and only believ'd that *Ægeria* was the good Genius of *Noah's* Wife. In those Books we are taught, that *Ægeria* was conceiv'd upon the Water, when *Noah* was swimming upon the avenging Waves that overflow'd the Universe: The Women were then reduc'd to that small Number, and escap'd into that Cabalistical Ark, built by that second Father of Mankind: That great Man groaning to see how terribly the Lord chastis'd the Crimes caus'd by *Adam's* Love of *Eve*; seeing that *Adam* had ruin'd his Posterity by preferring *Eve* to the Daughters of the Elements, and in taking her from the *Salamanders*, or *Sylphs*, who would have gain'd her Affection; *Noah*, (I say) grown Wise by the sad Example of *Adam*, consented that his Wife *Vesta* should yield her self to the *Salamander Oromasis*, Prince of the fiery Substances: And perswaded his three Sons likewise, to surrender their three Wives to Princes of the three other Elements. The Universe was in a short Time re-peopl'd with Heroick Men, so knowing, so handsome,

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so admirable, that their Posterity, dazzl'd with their Virtues, has taken them for Deities. One of *Noah's* Sons, rebellious to his Father's Counsel, could not withstand the Charms of his Wife, any more than *Adam* could those of *Eve*: But in like Manner as *Adam's* Sin blacken'd the Souls of all his Descendants, so the Want of Complaisance in *Ham* for the *Sylphs*, put a Blot upon all his sable Posterity. Hence comes the horrible Complexion of the *Æthiopians*, and of all those hideous Nations who are commanded to dwell under the Torrid Zone, in Punishment of their Father's profane Ardor.

These are very uncommon Observations, Sir, (said I, wondering at the Man's Extravagance) and your Cabala is of marvellous Use for clearing up the Things of Antiquity. It is so, (reply'd he, gravely) and, without it, Scripture, History, Fable, and Nature, are obscure and unintelligible. You believe, for Example, that the Injury *Ham* did his Father, was just so as 'tis describ'd in the Bible; when 'twas quite another Thing. *Noah*, going out of the Ark, and observing that his Wife *Vesta's* Charms were wonderfully improv'd by her Intimacies with her Lover *Oromasis*, became passionately in Love with her again. *Ham* fearing, lest his Father should again people the Earth with Children as black as his *Æthiopians*, took his Opportunity one Day when the old Gentleman was full of Wine, and unmercifully guelt him. You laugh?

I laugh at *Ham's* indiscreet Zeal, (said I.) Rather (cry'd he) admire the Civility of the Salamander *Oromasis*, whose Jealousy did not overcome his Pity for his Rival's Misfortune. He taught his Son *Zoroastres*, (otherwise call'd *Japhet*)

Japhet) the Name of the Almighty God, expressive of his eternal Fecundity : *Japhet* pronounc'd (six Times alternately, with his Brother *Shem*, walking backwards toward that Patriarch) the tremendous Name *JABAMIAH*; and so restor'd the old Man to his former Condition.

The Mis-understanding of this Story, was the Occasion of the *Greeks* saying, that the oldest of the Gods was guelt by one of his Sons; but the Truth of the Matter was what I tell you. From hence you may see, how much more human the Morals of the *Salamanders* are than ours, and even more than that of the *Sylphs* or *Nymphs*; for the Jealousy of these last is cruel, as the divine *Paracelsus* lets us know, in an Adventure he gives an Account of, and to which the whole Town of *Stauffenberg* were Eye-witnesses. A certain Philosopher, with whom a *Nymph* was engag'd in an Intrigue of Immortality, was so disloyal as to love a Woman: As he sat at Dinner, with his new Paramour and some Friends, there appear'd in the Air the fairest, most lilly-white Thigh in the World; (the invisible Sweet-heart did that, to let her Traitor's Friends see how much he was to blame in preferring a Woman to her.) After this, the *Nymph*, incens'd, kill'd him upon the Spot.

Ah! Sir, (cry'd I) this is enough to put me out of Conceit with such delicate Mistresses. I confess, (said he) their Delicacy is somewhat violent. But if there has been Examples of exasperated Women murdering their perjur'd Lovers, we must not wonder that those beautiful, those constant Mistresses we're speaking of, should be so enrag'd, when Men play 'em false; the more, because they require nothing from them but to abstain from Women, whose Imper-

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fections they cannot bear, and because they give us Leave to love as many among themselves as we please. They prefer the Interest and Immortality of their Companions to their own private Satisfaction; and are very glad to see the Sages bestow on their Republick as many immortal Children as they can.

But Sir, (reply'd I) how comes it there are so few Examples of what you tell me? There are a great many; (continu'd he) but they are not attended to, or credited, or, in short, well explain'd, for want of knowing our Principles. People attribute to the Devil what ought to be ascrib'd to the Elementary People. A little *Gnome* gets into the good Graces of a celebrated *Magdalen de la Croix*, Abbess of a Nunnery at *Corduba* in *Spain*; she makes him happy at twelve Years of Age; and they continue their Familiarity the space of thirty Years. An ignorant Confessor comes, and perswades *Magdalen* that her Lover is an Imp of Hell, and obliges her to ask Absolution of Pope *Paul* the Third. Yet, all this While, tis impossible it shou'd be a Devil; for 'twas notoriously known all *Europe* over, and *Cassiodorus Renius* was so kind as to transmit down to Posterity the Miracles that were every Day wrought in Favour of the Holy Maid, which certainly would not have been, if her Commerce with the *Gnome* had been so Diabolical as the Reverend Father-Confessor fancy'd. This same Doctor, (if I'm not mistaken) was so hardy as to pronounce, that the *Sylph*, which us'd to immortalize himself with young *Gertrude*, of the Nunnery of *Nazareth* in *Cologne*, was some Devil. And so he was, no Doubt, (cry'd I.) Ah! Son, (pursu'd the Count, Smiling)

ling) If that were so, the Devil had no ill Time on't, to be able to carry on an Intrigue with a Girl of five and twenty, and write her such Love-Letters as were found in her Screwtore.

Assure your self, my Child, that the Devil, in the Region of Death, has other-guess sort of Employments, more conformable to the Hatred which the God of Purity bears to him: But thus it is that People voluntarily shut their Eyes. We find, for Instance, in *Titus Livius*, that *Romulus* was the Son of *Mars*; the Free-Thinkers say, 'tis a Fable; the Divines, that he was Son to an Incubus-Devil; the Waggs, that Madamoiselle *Sylvia* had lost her Gloves, and, to cover the Shame of it, said, a God had stol'n 'em from her. Now We, who are acquainted with Nature, and who are call'd by God out of Darknes to Light, We know, that that pretend-ed *Mars* was a *Salamander*, who, being smitten with young *Sylvia*, made her the Mother of the great *Romulus*, that Heroe, who, after having founded his superb City, was carry'd away by his Father in a fiery Chariot, in like Manner as *Zoroastres* was by *Oromasis*.

Another *Salamander* was Father to *Servius Tullius*: *Livy* says, 'twas the God of Fire, deceiv'd by the Resemblance: And the Ignorant have pass'd the same Judgment upon him as on the Father of *Romulus*. The Renowned *Hercules*, and the Invincible *Alexander*, were Sons of the mightiest among the *Sylphs*: The Historians, not knowing so much, have said, that *Jupiter* was their Father: They said true; for, as you've already heard, those *Sylphs*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*, being set up for Deities, the Historians, believing

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believing them such, call'd all who were born of'em, Children of God.

Such was the divine *Plato*, the more divine *Apollonius Tyanæus*, *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Sarpedon*, pious *Æneas*, and the celebrated *Melchisedeck*; for do you know who was *Melchisedeck's* Father? No really, (said I) for *St. Paul* did not know it. He did not record it, you mean; (replies the Count) for he was not permitted to reveal the Cabalistical Mysteries; he knew well enough, that *Melchisedeck's* Father was a *Sylph*, and that that King of *Salem* was conceiv'd in the Ark by the Wife of *Shem*: That *Pontiff's* Manner of Sacrificing, was the same that his Cousin *Ægeria* taught King *Numa*, as well as the Adoration of a supream Deity, without Image or Statue; for which Reason, the *Romans*, turning Idolaters some Time afterwards, burnt the Holy Books of *Numa*, which had been dictated by *Ægeria*. The first God which the *Romans* had, was the true God; their Sacrifice, a true Sacrifice; they offer'd up Bread and Wine to the sovereign Ruler of the World: But all this was afterwards perverted. However, God, in Acknowledgment of this first Worship, gave to that City, which had own'd his Supremacy, the Empire of the World. The same Sacrifice which *Melchisedeck*——

Sir, (interrupted I) pray let us drop *Melchisedeck*, the *Sylph* that begot him, his Cousin *Ægeria*, and the Sacrifice of Bread and Wine. These Proofs seem to me to be somewhat remote; and you'll oblige me mightily, if you'd tell me some fresher News; for I have heard a certain Doctor say, upon being ask'd what was become of the Companions of that sort of Satyr, which appear'd

appear'd to St. *Anthony*, and which you have call'd *Sylph*; I say, I have heard that Doctor affirm, that that sort of Gentry was quite extinct. So that the Elementary People may be perish'd; since you own 'em Mortal, and we hear no Tidings of 'em.

I beseech God, (reply'd the Count, somewhat disturb'd) I beseech the God who knows all Things, that he wou'd be pleas'd not to know that Ignoramus, who so sottishly decides what he's ignorant of! God confound him, and all like him! Where has he learn'd that the Elements are Desarts, and that all those wonderful Nations are annihilated. If he would take the Pains to read History a little, and forbear ascribing to the Devil, as the good Women do, every Thing that surpasses the chimerical Theory which he has fram'd to himself, of Nature; he wou'd find in all Ages, and in all Places, Proofs of that which I have advanc'd.

What wou'd your Doctor say to that authentick Account of what lately happen'd in *Spain*? A fair *Sylphid* was fall'n in Love with by a *Spaniard*, liv'd three Years with him, had three fine Boys by him, and then dy'd. Will it be said this was a Devil? A special Answer, that! according to what Physicks can the Devil organize to himself a Woman's Body, conceive, bring forth, give Suck? What Proof is there in Scripture of that Romantick Power which the *Theologians* are forc'd, on this Occasion, to vest the Devil with? And what probable Reason can their feeble Philosophy furnish them with? The Jesuit *Delrio*, an honest, well-meaning Fellow, recounts many of these Adventures his simple Way; and, without plaguing himself with Physical Reasons,

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sons, brings himself off by saying, that those *Sylphids* were *Dæmons* : So true is it, that your greatest Doctors do many Times know no more of the Matter than the silly Women ! So true is it, that God loves to retire into his clouded Throne; and, thickening the Darknes that encompasles his most awful Majesty, he inhabits an inaccessible Light, and lets none into his Truths, but the poor in Spirit. Learn to be poor in Spirit, my Son, if you wou'd penetrate that sacred Night which environs Truth. Learn of the Sages to allow to the Devils no Power in Nature; since the fatal Stone has shut 'em up in the Depth of the Abyss. Learn of the Philosophers, always to look for natural Causes in all extraordinary Events; and when such natural Causes are wanting, recur to God, and to his holy Angels, and never to the evil Spirits, who no longer *can* any Thing but suffer; otherwise, you'll be often guilty of Blasphemy, without thinking on't, and will ascribe to the Devil the Honour of the most miraculous Works of Nature.

When, for Instance, you shou'd be told, that the divine *Apollonius Tyanæus* was conceiv'd without the Operation of any Man; and that a *Salamander* of Quality came down to immortalize himself with his Mother; you wou'd say, that that *Salamander* was a *Dæmon*; and you'd honour the Devil with the Birth of one of the greatest Men that ever sprung from our Philosophick Marriages.

But Sir, (interrupted I) this same *Apollonius* is, among us, reputed a great Wizzard; and that's the best that's said of him. Behold, (reply'd the Count) one of the most wonderful Effects of Ignorance

norance and bad Education! Because People have heard their Nurses tell strange Stories about Witches, therefore every Thing extraordinary, must have the Devil for its Author. The greatest Doctors may talk their Hearts out, they shall not be believ'd, unless they talk like the Nurses. *Apollonius* is not begot by Man; he understands the Language of Birds: He is seen at the same Instant of Time in different Places: He vanishes from the Presence of the Emperor *Domitian*, who was going to mis-use him: He raises to Life a Girl by Vertue of Onomancy: He says in a publick Assembly at *Ephesus*, that at that very Moment they were killing a Tyrant at *Rome*. A Question rises concerning this Man: The Nurse says he's a Sorcerer; *St. Jerom*, and *St. Justin* the Martyr, say, he's only a great Philosopher. *Jerom*, *Justin*, and we Cabalists, shall be Mad-men; and a little beggarly Sow of a Nurse shall carry it against us. Alas! let the Ignorant perish in their Ignorance; but do you, my Son, avoid the Shipwreck.

When you shall read, that the celebrated *Merlin* was, without the Operation of any Man, brought forth by a Nun, Daughter to the King of *Great Britain*; and that he foretold Things to come more clearly than a *Tyresias*, do not say with the Mob, that he was Son to an Incubus-Devil, because there never were any such; or that he prophecy'd by the Help of the *Dæmons*, because, according to the Cabala, a *Dæmon* is the most ignorant of all Creatures. Say with the Sages, that the *English* Princess was consol'd in her Retirement by a *Sylph*, who took Pity on her, that he was industrious to divert her, that he knew how to please her, and that *Merlin*,
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their

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their Son, was brought up by the *Sylphs* in all sorts of Learning, and learn'd from him to perform all the Miracles which the History of *England* relates of him.

Do not any longer cast an Asperſion upon the Counts of *Cleves*, by ſaying, that the Devil was their Father; and have a better Opinion of the *Sylph*, who the History ſays, came to *Cleves* on Board a miraculous Ship, tow'd by a Swan, chain'd thereto by a Silver Chain. This *Sylph*, after having ſeveral Children by the Heireſs of *Cleves*, did one Day, at high Noon, in Sight of every Body, re-embark on his aerial Ship. What has he done to your Doctors, that ſhould oblige them to make a Devil of him? But will you have no Regard to the Honour of the Houſe of *Lufignan*? And will you give to your Counts of *Poitiers*, a diabolical Genealogy? What will you ſay of their celebrated Mother? I thought, Sir, (interrupted I) that you were going to tell the Tale of *Melufina*. Ah! (reply'd he) if you deny the Story of *Melufina*, I have done; but then we muſt burn the Books of the great *Paracelſus*, who, in five or ſix different Places, avers, that there's nothing ſo ſure as that this ſame *Melufina* was a *Nymph*; and we muſt give the Lie to your Hiſtorians, who ſay, that ſince her Death, or rather ſince ſhe diſappear'd to the Eyes of her Huſband, ſhe has never fail'd (as often as her Deſcendants were threaten'd with ſome Miſchance, or that ſome King of *France* was to die in an extraordinary Manner) to appear in Mourning upon the grand Turret of the *Chateau de Luſignan*, which ſhe had caus'd to be built. You'll bring upon your Back all thoſe who deſcend from that *Nymph*, or who are related to her Family,

mily, if you persist in it, that it was an Evil-Spirit.

Do you think, Sir, (said I) that those Lords wou'd chuse to fetch their Origin from *Sylphs*? Yes, undoubtedly, (reply'd he) if they were made acquainted with what I teach you; and they wou'd hold such an uncommon Birth as a mighty Honour. If they had any of the Cabalistical Light, they wou'd know that that sort of Generation being more conformable to the Method, in which God at first intended the World shou'd multiply, the Offspring of such Marriages are more fortunate, more valiant, more wise, more renowned, and more blest of God. Is it not more glorious for those illustrious Men to be deriv'd from those Creatures so perfect, so sage, and so powerful, than from some filthy Elf, or some infamous *Asmodeus*?

Sir, (said I to him) our Theologists are far from saying, that the Devil is the Father of all those Men who come into the World nobody knows how. They own that the Devil is a Spirit, and so cannot ingender. *Gregory of Nazianzen* (reply'd the Count) does not say so; for he holds, that the *Demons* multiply among themselves as Men do. We are not of his Opinion, (reply'd I) but it happens (say our Doctors) that ——— Ah! (interrupts the Count) do not say what they say, for fear, like them, you say a very filthy and undecent Thing. What an abominable Evasion have they chopt upon? It is amazing how unanimously they embraced that odious Notion, and what Pleasure they took in planting Hobgoblins and Familiars in Ambuscade, to way-lay the idle Brutality of the Hermits, and so to hasten into the World those mi-

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raculous Men, whose illustrious Memory they tarnish by such a scoundrel Origin. Do they call this Philosophizing? Is it worthy of God, to say He has such Complaisance for the Devils, as to countenance such Abominations; to grant them the Favour of Fecundity, which he has refus'd to great Saints; and to reward such Obscenities, by creating for those Embrios of Iniquity, more heroick Souls, than for those who were form'd in the Chastity of a lawful Wedlock? Is it worthy of Religion to say, as your Doctors do, that the Devil can, by that detestable Artifice, impregnate a Virgin during her Sleep, without hurting her Viginity? which is as absurd as the Story, which *Thomas Aquinas* (in other Respects, a very solid Author, and skill'd a little in the *Cabala*) forgets himself so far, as to relate in his sixth *Quodlibet*, concerning a Wench that lay with her Father, to whom he makes the same Thing happen, which some Heretick *Rabbins* say, befel the Daughter of *Jeremiah*; who, according to them, conceiv'd of the great Cabalist *Bensyra*, in entering the Bath after the Prophet. I cou'd swear, that this Stuff was invented by some——

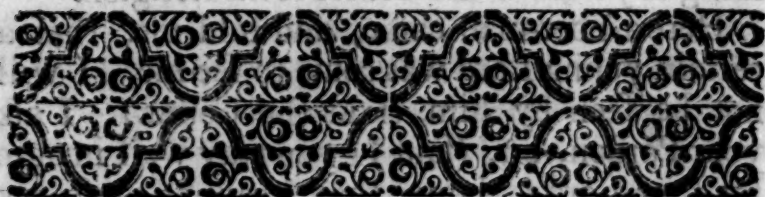
If I durst, Sir, break in upon your Declamation, (said I to him) I wou'd (to appease you) own, that it were to be wish'd our Doctors had hit upon some Solution that had been less offensive to such pure Ears as yours; or else they might peremptorily have deny'd the Facts upon which the Question is founded.

A rare Expedient, truly, (reply'd the Count.) How cou'd they deny manifest Truths? Put your self in the Place of a Theologist, in his Furr Gown,

Gown, and suppose the happy *Danhuzerus* coming to you, as to the Oracle of his Religion.—

Here a Foot-man came, and told me, that a certain young Lord was come to see me. I will not be seen by him, (said the Count.) I ask your Pardon, Sir, (said I) you may well imagin by that Lord's Name, that I cannot cause my self to be deny'd; therefore give your self the Trouble to go into that Closet. 'Tis not worth While, (said he) I'll make my self invifible. Ah! Sir, (cry'd I) let's have no Devilry I beseech ye; I don't love fuch Jestings. O Ignorance! (said the Count, laughing and shrugging up his Shoulders) Not to know that to become invifible, there needs no more than to place before one the revers'd Side of Light! He went into my Closet; and the young Lord, almost at the same Time, came into my Chamber. I now ask that Lord's Pardon for not speaking to him of my Adventure.





DISCOURSE V.



TH E young Noble-man, after some Moments, took his Leave: I waited on him down; and when I return'd again to my Chamber, I found there the Count *de GABALIS*. 'Tis a thousand Pities, (said he to me) that that noble Person, who has just now left you, must one Day be of the Number of the 72 Princes of the *Sanbedrim* of the new Law; for otherwise, he'd make a rare Member of the holy Cabala. His Mind is profound, clear, vast, sublime, and bold; I cast a Figure for him in Geomancy, while you were talking together: Here 'tis: I never in my Life saw any Thing more happily pointed, and more indicative of a generous Spirit: See this † *Mother*, what Magnanimity she gives him. This † *Daughter* will procure him the Purple; a Curse on them, and Fortune too, for depriving Us of such an Associate; one that might possibly out-strip even Y o u. But whereabouts were we when he came in?

You

† Terms of Geomancy.

You were speaking (said I) of a Saint, whom I never met with in the *Roman Kalendar*, I think you call'd him *Danbuzerus*: Oh! I remember (reply'd he) I was bidding you put your self in the Place of one of your Doctors, and suppose the blessed *Danbuzerus* coming to open his Conscience to you, in these or the like Words.

SIR, The Fame of your Learning has brought me from beyond the Mountains: I have a finall Scruple, which gives me some Disturbance. There is, in a Mountain of *Italy*, a *Nymph*, who keeps her Court there; she is serv'd by a thousand *Nymphs*, almost as beauteous as herself; she is resorted to, from all Parts of the Earth, by very handsome, very learned, and very worthy Men; they love those *Nymphs*, and are lov'd by them; they lead the charmingest Life in the World; they have very fine Children by those they love; they worship the Living GOD; they hurt no Man; they expect Immortality. I was one Day walking upon this Mountain; the Regent *Nymph* was taken with my Person; she makes herself visible, shews me her delicious Court. The Sages, perceiving she lov'd me, pay their Respects to me, almost as if I was their Prince; they exhort me to give way to the Sighs and Charms of the *Nymph*: She tells me how much she suffers, omits nothing that cou'd move me, and, in short, declares that she shall die unless I consent to love her; and, that if I love her, she will be beholden to me for her Immortality. The Reasonings of those Learned Men convinc'd my Mind, as the Attractives of the *Nymph* won my Heart: I love her, have very hopeful Children by her; but in the midst
of

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of my Felicity I am sometimes troubled, by calling to Mind, that 'tis what the *Romish* Church does not, perhaps, altogether approve of. I am come, Sir, to advise with You, concerning the Nature of this same *Nymph*, those Sages, those Children ; as likewise upon what Foot I may stand, in Point of Conscience. Well, Mr. Doctor, what Answer wou'd you make to my Lord *Dambuzerus*.

I wou'd say to him (reply'd I) with all due Deference to your Lordship's Quality, You are, my Lord, somewhat crack'd in the Crown ; or else you are under an Incantation ; your Children and your Mistress, are Imps of the Devil ; your Sages are Fools, and your Conscience Case-harden'd.

With such an Answer, my Son, you might set up for a Doctor ; but you wou'd not deserve to be admitted among us (reply'd the Count, with a profound Sigh.) Such is the barbarous Disposition of all your modern Doctors. A poor *Sylph* can no sooner shew his Head, but he's presently taken for a Familiar of Hell : A *Nymph* cannot labour to become Immortal, without being reckon'd an unclean Phantom ; and a *Salamander* dares not appear, for fear of being taken for the Devil himself ; and the pure Flames which he is compos'd of, for the infernal Fire which constantly attends him. To dispel these injurious Suspicions, 'tis to no Purpose for them to make the Sign of the Cross when they shew themselves ; in vain they bend the Knee at divine Names, and ev'n pronounce them with Reverence ; all these Precautions signify nothing ; They do not prevail so far, as to be reputed no Enemies

Enemies of God, whom they adore more religiously than they do who fly from them.

But to be serious Sir, (said I) do you really believe there is any great Devotion among these same Sylphs? They are extremely devout (answer'd he) and mighty zealous for the Deity. The excellent Discourses which they make to us concerning the divine Essence, and their admirable Prayers are extraordinary edifying. What, have they Prayers too, (said I) I should be very glad to see one of their making. You may be easily satisfy'd; (reply'd he) and that I may not produce such a one as you may any ways suspect, or think I fram'd it my self, you shall hear that which the *Salamander* (which gave Answers in the Temple of *Delphos*) was desirous to teach the Pagans, and is recorded by *Porphyrus*: It contains a sublime Theology; and you'll see by it, that it's no Fault of those sage Creatures, if Mankind did not adore the True God.



A *Salamander's* PRAYER.

Immortal, Eternal, Ineffable and Sacred Father of all Things, who ridest upon the ceaseless rolling Chariot of the ever-turning World. Thou Ruler of the Etherial Plains, whereon is erected the Throne of thy Mightiness; from the Pinnacle whereof thy awful Eyes discover all Things, and thy glorious and holy Ears hear all Things. O hearken to thy Children, whom thou hast loved from the Birth of Time; for thy effulgent and eternal Majesty shines above the
L World,

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World, and above the Starry Firmament; they are
thy Footstool, O thou glittering Fire. There thou
kindlest thy self, and entertainest thy self with thy
own Splendor; and there flows from thy Essence inex-
haustible Rivers of Light, with which thy infinite Spi-
rit is fed. That infinite Spirit produces all Things,
and forms that undrainable Treasure of Matter,
which can never be wanting to the Generation which
always environs it, because of the numberless Forms
it is impregnated with, and with which thou at the
Beginning filledst it. From this Spirit do likewise
derive their Origin, those thrice holy Kings who stand
about thy Throne, and who compose thy Court. O uni-
versal Father! O thou only One! O Parent of mor-
tal and immortal Saints! Thou hast in particular cre-
ated Powers which are marvellous, like unto thy eter-
nal Thought and adorable Essence. Thou hast set
them higher than the Angels, who are Messengers of
thy Will to the World. Lastly, thou hast created Us,
a third Sort of Sovereigns in the Elements. Our con-
tinual Exercise is to praise Thee, and to worship thy
Desires. We burn with Desire of possessing Thee. O
Father! O most tender Mother of Mothers! O won-
derful Exemplar of the Sentiments and Tenderness of
Mothers! O Son, the Flower of all Sons! O Form
of all Forms! Thou Soul, Spirit, Harmony, and
Number of all Things.

What say you to this Prayer of the Salaman-
 der's? Is it not very learned, very lofty, and
 very devout? Ay, and very obscure too; (re-
 ply'd I) I heard it once paraphras'd upon by a
 certain Preacher, who made use of it to prove
 that the Devil, among the rest of his Vices, is
 particularly a great Hypocrite. Alas for ye,
 poor Elementary People! (cry'd the Count) What
 Refuge

Refuge have you to fly to? You speak Wonders concerning the Nature of God, Father, Son, Holy Ghost; of tutelary Intelligences, of Angels, Heavens. You form most excellent Liturgies, and teach them to Men; and after all, you are nothing but a Pack of hypocritical Hobgoblins!

Sir, (interrupted I) I don't like your apostrophising thus to those People. Well, Son, (reply'd he) don't be afraid, I won't call them; but, for the future, be cautious of wondring that you don't see, so often as you would, Examples of their Alliance with Men. Alas! where is the Woman whose Imagination has not been spoil'd by some of your Doctors, and who looks not with Horror upon such a Commerce, and who trembles not at Sight of a *Sylph*? Or where's the Man that runs not away when he sees them, especially if he sets up for a Good Man? How rarely do we see a right worthy Man desire their Familiarity? None but the Rakish, the Covetous, the Ambitious, or the Knavish, court this Honour, which yet they shall never attain to, (O LIVING GOD) because the Fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom!

What then becomes of all those flying Nations, (said I) since honest Men are so set against 'em? Ah! (said he) the Arm of God is not shorten'd, and the Devil does not gather all the Advantage he expected from the Ignorance and Error which he has scatter'd abroad to their Prejudice; for besides that the Philosophers, who are in great Numbers, apply thereto all the Remedy they can, by absolutely renouncing Women; God has given leave to all these People, to make use of all the innocent Artifices they can think of to converse with Men without their

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Privity. What's that you say, Sir, (cry'd I.) What I say is nothing but Truth. (pursu'd he.) Do you think a Dog can have Children by a Woman? No, (answer'd I.) Nor a Monkey? (adds he.) No more than a Dog, (reply'd I.) Nor a Bear? (continu'd he.) Neither Dog, nor Bear, nor Monkey, (said I.) it is beyond Dispute impossible, utterly against Nature, Reason, and common Sense. Very well (said the Count) but were not the Kings of the *Goths* born of a Bear and a *Swedish* Princess? It is true that History says so, (reply'd I.) And were not the *Pergusians* and *Symians* of *India* (reply'd he) born of a Dog and a Woman? I have read so (said I.) And that *Portuguese* Woman, (continu'd he) who being expos'd on a desolate Island, had Children by a huge Monkey? Our Divines, Sir, (said I) in Answer to this, say, that the Devil assuming the Shape of Beasts—— You are coming again (interrupts he) with the filthy Conceits of your Authors. Learn then, once for all, that the *Sylphs*, seeing themselves taken for Devils when they appear in humane Shape, as a Means to lessen this Aversion Men have for them, put on the Figure of those Animals; and so adjust themselves to the whimsical Weakness of Women, who wou'd be afraid of a handsome *Sylph*, but are not so of a Dog or Monkey. I could tell you several Stories of those *Bologna* Lap-Dogs, and certain seeming Virgins, but I have a much greater Secret to communicate to you.

Know, my Son, that many a one takes himself to be the Son of a Man, when he's the Son of a *Sylph*. Many a Man thinks he's with his Wife, when at the same Time he is immortalizing

zing some Nymph, without knowing it. Many a Wife fancies she's embracing her Husband, while she hugs a *Salamander*; and many a young Wench would swear, when she awakes, that she's a Virgin, and yet, during her Sleep, had an Honour done her she little dream'd of. Thus the Devil and the Ignorant are equally bobb'd.

How! (said I to him) cannot the Devil wake that young Wench; and hinder the *Salamander* from becoming Immortal? He might do so, (reply'd the Count) but that the Sages take Orders about it: We teach all those People how to tie up the *Demons*, and withstand their Attempts. Did not I tell you t'other Day, that the *Sylphs*, and the other Lords of the Elements, are overjoy'd when we will please to let them into the Cabala. Were it not for Us, their mortal Enemy, the Devil, wou'd make them very uneasy, and they wou'd be hard put to't to immortalize themselves without the Privy of the young Wenches.

I cannot (reply'd I) sufficiently wonder at the profound Ignorance we live in. 'Tis generally believ'd, that the Powers of the Air do sometimes give a Lift to those that are in Love, and help them to accomplish their Ends. But the thing it seems is quite otherwise; the Powers of the Air stand in Need of the Assistance of Men in their Amours. You have said it, Son, (pursu'd the Count) the Sages lend their Succour to those poor People, who are too unhappy and too weak to resist the Devil without such Help; but then, when a *Sylph* has learn'd from us to pronounce Cabalistically the potent Name *NEHMAHMIHAH*, and to couple it in
Form

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Form with the delicious Name *ELIAEL*, all the Powers of Darkneſs betake themſelves to Flight, and the *Sylph* goes on in the quiet Enjoyment of what he loves.

In this Manner was Immortaliz'd that ingenious *Sylph*, who aſſum'd the Figure of a Lover of a *Sevilian* Damiſel; 'tis a Thing well known. The young *Spaniard* was beautiful; but as cruel as fair. A *Caſtilian* Cavalier, whoſe Paſſion for her met with nothing but Coldneſs, took a Reſolution to depart one Morning early, without ſaying any Thing, and to travel 'till ſuch Time as he was cur'd of his fruitleſs Flame. A certain *Sylph*, finding the Fair One to his Liking, thought it his beſt Way to lay hold of the Opportunity: So, arming himſelf with every Thing that he had learn'd from one of Us, to defeat the Machinations which the Devil, envious of his Happineſs, might ſet on foot againſt him, he goes and viſits the young Lady, under the Shape of the diſtant Lover; he languiſhes, he ſighs, he is rejected; he preſſes, he ſollicites, he perſeveres; after ſome Months he moves her, he works upon her, he perſwades her, and at length is Happy. Their Loves produce a Son, whoſe Birth is kept ſecret, and utterly unknown to the Relations, thro' the Contrivance of the aerial Paramour. Their Love continues, and is bleſſ'd with a ſecond Pregnancy. Mean while the Cavalier, cur'd by Abſence, returns to *Seville*, and, impatient to ſee his inhumane Miſtreſs, haſtens to tell her, that at length he's in a Condition to diſpleaſe her no longer, and that he comes to let her know he ceaſes to love her.

Figure to yourſelf the young Woman's Amazement, her Answer, her Tears, her Reproaches,
and

and all their surprizing Dialogue. She standing it, that she has made him happy; he denies it; she, that the Child she had by him is in such a Place, and that she's far gone with another. He persists in disowning it. She is at her Wits-end, tears her Hair; her Relations, hearing her Exclamations, run in; the afflicted Mother continues her Complaints and Invectives; 'tis prov'd that the Gentleman was absent two Years; the first Child is sought for, and is found; and the second was born at its Time.

And what Part did the aerial Lover act all this while? (said I.) I know your Thoughts, (reply'd the Count) you are offended at his giving up his Mistress to the Severity of Relations, or the Fury of Inquisitors: But *be* had Reason to complain of *her*: She was not devout enough; for, you must know, when these Gentlemen are Immortaliz'd, they labour earnestly, and live very holily, that they may not lose the Right they have newly acquir'd to the Possession of a sovereign Good. They therefore will have the Person they are ally'd to, live with an exemplary Innocence, as is plain from this famous Adventure of a young *Bavarian* Lord.

He was inconsolable for the Death of his Wife, whom he passionately lov'd. A certain *Sylphid* was advis'd by one of our Sages to put on the Shape of that Wife; she did so, and presented her self to the afflicted Youth, saying, that God had restor'd her to Life to comfort him in his extream Sorrow. They liv'd together many Years, and had several very fine Children. But the young Spark was not good enough to retain the prudent *Sylphid*; he was us'd to swear, and talk

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talk unclean Things; she often school'd him; but seeing that her Admonitions were to no purpose, she vanish'd from him one Day, and left him nothing but her old Petticoat and the Regret of not following her holy Counsels. Thus you see, my Child, that the *Sylphs* have sometimes reason to disappear; and you see too, that the Devil cannot hinder the People of the Elements from working out their Immortality, when they are succour'd by any one of our Sages.

But, in good earnest, Sir, (reply'd I) are you perswaded that the Devil is so great an Enemy of those Seducers of Damsels. A mortal Enemy, (said the Count) especially to the *Nymphs*, *Sylphs*, and *Salamanders*: For as for the *Gnomes*, they do not hate them altogether so much; because, as I believe I've told you already, these same *Gnomes*, frighted at the Howlings of the Devils, which they hear in the Centre of the Earth, rather chuse to continue mortal, than to run the Risque of being so tormented, had they acquir'd Immortality. Thence it comes to pass, that those *Gnomes*, and the Devils their Neighbours, have some Correspondence together. The latter perswade the *Gnomes*, who are naturally great Friends to Man, that 'tis doing him very great Service, and delivering him from a great Danger; to oblige him to renounce his Immortality. They therefore engage to supply him whom they can perswade to such Renunciation, with whatever Money he shall demand, or to avert any Danger that may threaten his Life during a certain Space of Time, or such other Condition as shall be agreeable to him who makes this unhappy Covenant: Thus the Devil,
by

by the Intervention of this *Gnome*, causes the Soul of that Man to become mortal, and deprives it of the Right to eternal Life.

How! Sir, (cry'd I) do you think those Covenants, which Demonographers give so many Examples of, are made with the Devil? No, certainly, (reply'd the Count!) Has not the Prince of the World been driven out? Is he not shut up? Is he not ty'd? Is he not the *terra damnata* & *maledicta*, which is left at the Bottom of the Process of the supreme Distiller? Can he soar up into the Region of Light, and scatter there his concentr'd Darknesh? He can do nothing against Man. He can only inspire the *Gnomes*, who are his Neighbours, to come and make such Propositions to those Men whose Salvation he's most afraid of, to the end that their Souls may die with their Bodies.

Those Souls die then, according to you? (adds I.) They do die, Child, (reply'd he.) So then, those who enter into such Covenants, are not damn'd! (pursu'd I.) They can't be damn'd; (adds he) for their Soul dies with their Body. Then they come off very cheap, (reply'd I) and are very slightly punish'd for so heinous a Crime as renouncing their Baptism, and the Death of the Lord.

Do you call it a slight Punishment (reply'd the Count) to re-enter into the dark Abyss of Non-existence; know 'tis a greater pain than to be damn'd; that there's still a Remnant of Mercy in the Justice which God exercises against Sinners in Hell; that 'tis a great Favour not to consume them by the Fire that burns 'em. Non-Existence is a greater Evil than Hell; this is what the Sages preach to the *Gnomes*, when

M

they

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they assemble them together, to make them understand what Wrong they do themselves, in preferring Death to immortality, and Non-existence to the Hope of a blessed Eternity, which they wou'd be in a Capacity of Possessing, wou'd they ally themselves to Men, without exacting from them such criminal Renunciations. Some yield to our Perswasions, and those we marry to our Daughters.

You therefore Evangelize to the Subterranean People, Sir, (said I) Why not? (reply'd he.) As well as to the People of the Fire, Air, and Water; Philosophick Charity extends indifferently to all those Children of God. As they are more subtil and more sharp-sighted than the bulk of Mankind, they are more docil and capable of Discipline, and listen to the divine Truths, with a Reverence that charms us.

It must be a charming Sight (cry'd I smiling) to see a Cabalist in the Pulpit, holding forth to those Gentlemen. You shall have that Satisfaction, Son, when you will, (said the Count) and if you desire it, I'll assemble them this very Evening, and will preach to them towards Midnight. Midnight! (cryd I) I've heard say, that's the Hour of the Witches nocturnal Meetings. The Count began to laugh: This puts me in mind (says he) of the foolish Stories related by the Dæmonographers, concerning their Imaginary Meetings of Witches. I'd have You believe them too; do pray now, for the Rarity of the Thing. As for that Matter (reply'd I) I do assure you, I believe nothing of the Matter.

You do well, my Child, (said he) for once again, the Devil has not Power to make such a May-game of Mankind, nor to enter into Contracts

tracts with Men, much less to cause himself to be worship'd by them, as the Inquisitors imagine. What gave Occasion to that popular Report, is this: The Sages, as I lately told you, use to assemble the Inhabitants of the Elements, to preach to them their Mysteries and Morality; and it commonly happening, that some *Gnome* returns from his gross Delusion, comprehends the Horrors of Non-existence, and consents to be Immortaliz'd: We bestow on him a Daughter; he's marry'd; the Nuptials are celebrated with all the Rejoycing suitable to such a Conquest. These are the Dancings and Shouts of Joy, which *Aristotle* says, were heard in certain Islands, and not a Creature seen. The mighty *Orpheus* was the first who call'd together those subterranean People. At his first Admonition, *Sabastus*, the antientest of the *Gnomes* was immortaliz'd; and from that *Sabastus* was deriv'd the Name of that Assembly wherein the Sages address'd themselves to him while he liv'd, as is apparent from the Hymns of Divine *Orpheus*. The Ignorant have confounded Things, and have taken Occasion to make thereon a thousand idle Tales; and to defame an Assembly which we convene, only for the Glory of the supreme Being.

I cou'd never have imagin'd (said I) that the (*Sabbat*) Nocturnal Meeting of Witches, was an Assembly of Devotion. And yet it is one (reply'd he) and a very Holy and very Cabalistical one too; tho' it is what People wou'd not be easily perswaded to believe. But such is the deplorable Blindness of this unjust Age; they run away with a vulgar Report, and will not be undeceiv'd. 'Tis in vain for the Sages to

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talk; Fools are sooner believ'd than they. A Philosopher may, as much as he pleases, demonstrate the Falsity of the *Chimeras* they have fram'd to themselves, and lay down manifest Proofs of the contrary: Let his Reasoning be never so solid, his own Experience never so convincing; if there comes but a Man with a Hood on, and says 'tis false; Experience and Demonstration no longer go for any thing, and it's out of Truth's Power to re-establish her Empire. People sooner believe this Pudding-bag Monk, than their own Eyes. There has been in your own Nation a memorable Proof of this popular Frenzy.

The famous Cabalist *Zedechias*, undertook, during the Reign of your *Pepin*, to convince the World, that the Elements are inhabited by all those People whose Nature I have describ'd to you. The Expedient he made use of was, to advise the *Sylphs* to shew themselves in the Air to every body; they did so, in a very pompous Manner, in humane Shapes; sometimes rang'd in Order of Battle, regularly marching, or standing to their Arms, or encampt under magnificent Tents: Sometimes on board aerial Ships of a marvellous Structure, sailing up and down, as it pleas'd the *Zephirs* to drive them. What happen'd upon this? Do you think that That ignorant Age wou'd so much as reason upon the Nature of these marvellous Spectacles? The People presently took it for granted, that some Magicians had taken Possession of the Air, in order to raise Tempests in it, and to pour down Storms of Hail upon the Fruits of the Earth. The Students, the Divines, and the Lawyers soon fell in with the People's Opinion: The
Emperors

Emperors believ'd it too; and so far went this ridiculous Chimera, that the wise *Charlemagne*, and after him, *Louis the Debonaire* inflicted grievous Penalties on all those pretended Tyrants of the Air. You may see an Account of this, in the first Chapter of the Capitularies of those two Emperors.

The *Sylphs* seeing the Populace, the Pedants, and Crown'd Heads themselves so outrageous against them, resolv'd (in order to destroy the evil Opinion that was had of their innocent Fleet) to take up Men into the Air, and carry 'em to let 'em see their handsome Wives, their Republick, their Manner of Government; and then to set them down again upon the Earth, in divers Places: They did so. The People seeing these Men, as they were descending, flock'd to them from all Parts, and having a Notion that they were Magicians, detach'd from their Companions, to come and scatter Poison upon the Corn and in the Rivers and Springs: According to the Fury which such Imaginations are apt to inspire, they dragg'd these innocent Men to Goal. 'Tis incredible what Numbers of them were cut off by Fire and Water thro'out the Kingdom.

It fell out, that one Day among others, at *Lyons*, were seen descending from those Aerial Ships, three Men and one Woman: The whole City flocks round them; make an outcry that they are Magicians, and that they were sent by *Grimoaldus* Duke of *Beneventum*, *Charlemagne's* Enemy, to destroy their Harvest. In vain the four Innocents pleaded that they were their Country-men; that they had been lately carry'd away by miraculous Men, who had shewn
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'em unheard of Wonders, and desir'd them to give a Relation of 'em. The besotted Populace gives no Ear to their Defence, and they were going to cast them into the Fire; when the good Man *Agobardus*, Bishop of *Lyon*, who had acquir'd a great Authority being a Monk in that City, ran in at the Noise, and having heard the Accusation on one Side, and the Justification on t'other, gravely pronounc'd that they were both false. That it was not true, that those Men fell from the Sky, and that, what they said they had seen there, was impossible.

The People believ'd good Father *Agobard*, before their own Eyes; were pleas'd; set at Liberty the four Ambassadors of the *Sylphs*; and receiv'd with Admiration, the Book which *Agobard* wrote to confirm the Sentence he had given. Thus the Testimony of these four Witnesses was render'd vain.

However, as they escap'd with their Lives, they were free to relate what they had seen; which was not altogether without its Fruit; for if you call to Mind, the Age of *Charlemagne* was fruitful in Heroic Personages; which shews that the Woman, who had been with the *Sylphs*, found credit with the Ladies of those Times; and that by the Grace of God a great many *Sylphs* were immortaliz'd; many *Sylphids* too became immortal, by the recital which those three Men made of their Beauty; which oblig'd the People of those Times to apply themselves a little to Philosophy; and from hence came all those Histories of Fairies, which you find in the Love-Legends of *Charlemagne's* Age, and the following. These pretended Fairies were thing but *Sylphids* and *Nymphs*. Did you ever
read

read those Histories of Heroes and Fairies? No, Sir, (said I.)

I'm sorry for't, (replyd he) for they would have given you some Idea of the Condition to which the Sages are resolv'd one Day to reduce the World.

Those Heroick Men, those Amours of *Nymphs*, those Voyages to the Terrestrial Paradise, those Palaces and enchanted Groves, and all the charming Adventures that happen there; all this is nothing but a faint Sketch of the Life led by the Sages, and of what the World will be when they shall cause *Sagery* to reign therein. Nothing but Heroes shall be seen in it; the least of our Children shall have the Strength of *Zoroastres*, *Apollonius*, or *Melchisedech*; and most of them will be as accomplish'd as the Children *Adam* wou'd have had by *Eve*, if he had not sinn'd with her.

Did not you tell me, Sir, (interrupted I) that God would not that *Adam* and *Eve* should have Children, that *Adam* was to meddle with none but *Sylphids*, and that *Eve* was to have to do only with *Sylphs* or *Salamanders*? It is true, (said the Count) they were not to have had Children in the Way they afterwards had them. Then, Sir, (continued I) your Cabala empowers Man and Wife to get Children otherwise than in the ordinary Method? It does so, reply'd he. Then, pray Sir, teach me that Method, (said I.) Not to Day, (answer'd he, smiling.) I have a Mind to revenge the People of the Elements, for your being so hard to be undeceiv'd concerning their pretended Devilry. I doubt not but, by this Time you're recover'd from your Panick Terrors. I leave you therefore, that you may have

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have Leisure to meditate and deliberate in the Presence of God, to which Species of the Elementary Substances it will best suit with his Glory, and your own Salvation, to communicate your Immortality.

Mean while I'll go and recollect my Thoughts a little, in Order to the Discourse which you have made me desirous of holding this Night with the *Gnomes*. Go, (said I) and expound to 'em some Chapter of *Averroes*. Something like that may be done; (said the Count) for I intend to preach to 'em the Excellence of Man, to incline them to court his Alliance. And *Averroes*, after *Aristotle*, held two Things, which 'twill be fit I clear up, one on the Nature of the Understanding, and the other on the Supreme Good. He says there's but one created Understanding, which is the Image of the Uncreated, and that this sole Understanding is sufficient for all Men; this requires explaining. And as for the Supreme Good, *Averroes* says, it consists in the Conversation of Angels, which is not Cabalistic enough; for Man, even in this Life, can, and is created to enjoy God, as you will one of these Days understand and experience when you're rank'd among the Sages.

Thus ended the DISCOURSE of
the Count de GABALIS.

F I N. S.

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